THE New Republic

This Doodling Do-Little Congress

An Editorial

Pages 3-5

Why Adlai Stevenson Haunts the Democrats

By REP. STEWART L. UDALL

Faith of a University . . . . . *Robert E. Fitch*

Portrait of Little Rock . . . *Patrick O'Donovan*

The Regulatory Agencies . . . *Anthony Lewis*

HERBERT HOOVER'S HERO

A Review by David Cushman Coyle

MAY 19, 1958

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Washington Wire

Agonizing Indecision

THE BIG TREND now in Washington is toward Congressional domination. This will increase after the prospective Democratic election victory this fall. Eisenhower by 1960 will have faced a hostile Congress for six of his eight years—a unique record. It's a pity in a way. Congress can't furnish coherent, dynamic leadership. Soviet gains by 1960 may be frightening enough to give us a "strong" President.

In six weeks from now (July 1) the following taxes automatically decline —corporation taxes from 52 to 47 percent; auto excises from 10 to 7 percent; auto parts, 8 to 5 percent; cigarettes from 8 to 7 cents a package; beer and liquor taxes in proportion. The Administration can't let these luxury taxes decline—it *must* act.

Straw-in-the-wind

EVEN POLLYANA SINCLAIR WEEKS now wants to see the current capital gains tax cut in half with faster depreciation schedules to aid Big Business. But Congress doesn't dare aid business without also aiding individuals.

The most powerful man in Washington on the fiscal scene is the new quiet, charming, Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson. He is more suave, more mellow, more persuasive than his predecessor, headstrong George Humphrey, but just as rock-like conservative underneath. Eisenhower adores a successful businessman, and Anderson delights him by giving him just the recession advice he wants: Do nothing. Arthur F. Burns, former head of the Council of Economic Advisers and America's leading authority on the business cycle, skillfully guided the nation through the 1953-54 recession with positive measures. Eisenhower admired and followed him. But it is fascinating to see how Anderson has now gained ascendancy over Eisenhower. From New York, Burns has been calling for a tax cut and strong measures like those of five years ago; Eisenhower listens, however, to Anderson and Humphrey (who still advises) and Reserve Board head William Martin. Their tacit theory: a little recession isn't a bad thing; it curbs inflation, weeds out inefficient (small) business, puts labor in its place.

Protracted Recovery

NEARLY EVERYBODY in Washington now thinks the recession either is, or is about to, "bottom out," to use the elegant economic phrase. (Only a few agree with University of Illinois Professor Lewis V. Bassie that we are starting a major contraction.) But a new concept is appearing. The "recovery" may be almost as bad as the recession. A sluggish, protracted recovery (with no Federal shots-in-the-arm that Burns suggests) could last for a year or so.

If the big 4-year multi-billion dollar school construction bill which Eisenhower originally proposed and then wouldn't fight for had been adopted, its potent recovery effects would just now be taking effect. Retiring Welfare Secretary Marion Folsom put up a strong campaign for this measure thinking the White House was behind him, then saw it lose by three votes in the House last year with no Eisenhower pressure. Folsom is quitting the cabinet. And the National Education Association reports this week that overcrowding in city schools is greater than two years ago—and getting worse. (But never mind, the Russian schools don't have football coaches.)

Where's Harris?

WASHINGTON is the home of the great disappearing act. Remember the big lobby investigation the Senate was going to put on after Senator Case (R, S.D.) told of the gas lobby's bribe attempt? That inquiry disappeared when the public lost interest.

Now it is the House inquiry into the regulatory agencies. Public opinion demands a few more flickers of life, but this will probably peter out too when Congress quits. The inquiry, you remember, started with a spectacular $250,000 handed to the Moulder subcommittee. But when Chief Counsel Bernard Schwartz began naming names he was fired, Rep. Morgan Moulder (D, Mo.) resigned, and Rep. Oren Harris (D, Ark.), took over. Harris promised, February 12, "the most thorough investigation insofar as possible that Capitol Hill has ever seen." (Laughter off-stage.) Schwartz's evidence couldn't be ignored and FCC Commissioner Richard Mack was made the scapegoat.

Some persistent newsmen are still needling Harris, whose inquiry hasn't been heard from for months. Rep. Moulder says it "is dying a slow death." Criticisms will probably push reluctant Harris a little further. But the real trouble is that Congress in this inquiry is investigating itself. Congressmen have been trying to push the regulatory agencies around as much as have private lobbyists and Sherman Adams.

Notes

TWO CABINET MEMBERS are happy: Ezra Benson because farm prices are up; Foster Dulles because our NATO allies are veering to his opinion that Moscow is more interested in propaganda than a Summit Conference. . . . "If his present mood continues, Dwight Eisenhower might make 1958 the most successful year of his Administration so far"—*Time* magazine last week . . . Ho-hum . . . Rebellious car buyers are going to get a shock: the new '59 models will be bigger, longer, jukebox-ier than ever; another fat year for Volkswagens. . . . The San Leandro (Cal.) Chamber of Commerce is memorializing press, radio, TV and public officials not to use the word "recession". . . . Eisenhower chilled banqueting GOP Congressmen last week with a plea for reciprocal trade, foreign aid and Pentagon reorganization. It was a sound non-partisan appeal all right, but calculated to make high tariff Rep. Richard Simpson (R, Pa.) grind his teeth as chairman of the party's drive in what had been booked as the "kick-off of the Fall campaign."

T.R.B.

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Correspondence

► *Bartley Answers His Critics*

THE NEW REPUBLIC is performing a most valuable public service in continuing in its letter columns a discussion of the issues I raised in my article on Religion at Harvard. I was particularly pleased to read the Rev. John M.

(Continued on page 31)

Do-Little Congress

THE DAY before the present Congress officially opened last January, Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson called a caucus of Senate Democrats. Without waiting to hear what President Eisenhower would propose in his State-of-the-Union Message, Senator Johnson summoned his party to battle. "The ground beneath us when we last met," he dramatically began, "has been largely swept away. . . . The peril of the hour is obvious. Less obvious, but of far greater importance, is the fact that beyond the peril lies a potential for peace that exceeds any ever before within man's reach."

He continued with an eloquent description of the threat of Soviet sputniks and a deepening American recession. "We must," he urged, "work as though no other Congress would ever have an opportunity to meet this challenge, for, in fact, none will have an opportunity comparable." The challenge, he made clear, lay not in space alone, but "with the unchanging problem of building a strong nation . . . the problem of three to four [now five to six] million unemployed workers . . . the problems of our school children . . . of housing . . . of credit . . . of the soft spots in our economy."

This was a properly bold and responsible call to arms by the leader of the majority party. For there was no one else to awaken Congress to the urgencies of the moment. Only the uncritical Republican press imagined that the lame-duck President could show the leadership needed in 1958, even if he had the will to try. And the certifiable fact is that, by January, Mr. Eisenhower's influence with the legislators had already sunk to a new low. A recent *Congressional Quarterly* analysis shows how low: Support for his program in the Senate on rollcall votes taken thus far in this session has fallen to 58 percent, compared to 79 percent this time last year, 75 percent in the 84th Congress, and 82 percent in the 83rd. (His own party is supporting the President about the same as always, but Senate Democrats have backed him only 30 percent of the time this year.)

Johnson apparently understood this when he stepped forward with his program at the moment usually reserved for Presidents. But political reasons for standing still delayed the order "Forward, March." And four and a half months later we have scarcely advanced at all.

The three most urgent national needs to which this Congress was expected to address itself are: the recession, our schools, and the Russian economic challenge abroad. Congress has not provided an effective answer to any of them.

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RECESSION. Despite the talk about federal programs to relieve unemployment, virtually nothing has been done by the Congress that will help those who most need help *now*. The Highway Act and the home-financing bill which were pushed through will have no substantial effect for a year or

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more. The pending measure to stimulate local public works which has passed the Senate would have an equally-delayed effect. This is not to criticize what has been done, but to point up its limited utility.

The bill to extend unemployment benefits is a hoax in the form in which it passed the House. The Administration first offered a bill under which federal funds would have been available to pay benefits 50 percent longer than allowed by state laws, with the proviso that the states would have to repay the US Treasury at a later date. Liberal Democrats presented their own Kennedy-McCarthy plan to extend both the duration and amount of benefits and provide permanent federal standards of unemployment compensation as well. But in the House, under pressure from Southern states' righters and the lobby of state unemployment insurance officials, the leadership of both parties agreed instead on a third, far weaker bill.

Instead of providing a way to get money into the hands of the long-time unemployed at once, the bill passed by the House would necessitate special sessions of all the state legislatures to take advantage of it. That means months more delay, while every week 40,000 more workers join the 2 million who already have used up all benefits coming to them under present laws.

Early in the session, Democratic leaders Johnson and Rayburn signed an informal pact with their fellow Texan, Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson, to go slow on cutting taxes. Johnson spent weeks trying to persuade those who urged immediate tax cuts that public works could do the same job without the risk of added inflation.

He is still insisting on this point, in spite of all the economic experience to the contrary. But there must soon be an end to the delay. On June 30, certain luxury taxes automatically decrease. Congress must reassess the whole tax program. The readings are now in on all the economic temperature charts the leaders have insisted on seeing before acting on taxes. And clearly, the effect on employment of the usual spring lift and of the President's and Detroit's efforts to persuade people to "Buy Now" have not been enough to start the economy spiralling upward again.

Late this month, therefore, only a month before the June 30 deadline, Congress will finally get down to the serious work of deciding where to cut taxes. There has already been discussion in the House Ways and Means Committee of what tax cuts would give the strongest lift, of course, and Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills has been giving the question careful study. But the detailed hearings which always precede so serious a step have not been held, and public opinion has been so focused on *whether* a tax cut that it has not taken form on *what kind*. One month is a very short time in which to write and enact a measure which will give the economy the stimulant it now needs.

SCHOOLS. The Congressional enthusiasm for education that flared after sputnik last fall faded fast. Senator Lister Hill's Committee on Labor and Public Welfare and Rep. Carl Elliott's Subcommittee on Special Education have been at work for weeks on a comprehensive bill designed to put US education on something like a Satellite Age footing, but even the members strongest for education are pessimistic about the kind of bills likely to emerge. They say the public has gone dumb: "We're just not hearing from anybody now."

Congress's intentions last January were good—but inspired by the wrong concerns. The country wanted to do something about education because schools produce scientists, scientists produce missiles, and missiles produce military power. Little was said about better education for the sake of the child and the health of the nation as a complex. Both parties tied their school proposals to the science flagpole, hoping to win allegiance by hip-hooraying the flag and raising public fears of Soviet domination. But when Vanguards I and II went up to keep Sputnik company, there was a sigh of relief and Congress went back to its dams and four-cent stamps.

Democratic education leaders, who once hoped to push Eisenhower's request for 10,000 college scholarships up to 40,000, are talking in terms of "maybe 15,000"—or about one for every third high school. The House Education subcommittee is just beginning to meet in closed session to report out a bill which then must clear the full committee and 435 Representatives who never have been keen about federal money for schools.

Of two major proposals being studied—the Administration's "package," priced at $145.5 million annually, and the Hill-Elliott Bill costing an average of $500 million for six years—the Administration proposal for 10,000 annual scholarships has received most of the publicity, though actually less than 12 percent of this federal aid would go to higher education. Most of it would go into the early guidance of high school students and improvement of teaching below the college level. The Hill-Elliott bill provides in addition to annual scholarships, $40 million for loans, and a $25 million work program reminiscent of Roosevelt's National Youth Administration.

A third major proposal, the Murray-Metcalf bill backed by the National Education Association, comes considerably closer to what the nation needs. It would authorize Federal grants to the states of $25 per school-age child in fiscal 1959, rising to $100 per child in 1962. This would cost $1.1 billion the first year and

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$4.5 billion in 1962. Funds would be used at the discretion of the states for school construction or for teachers' salaries. But the best is much too good for this Congress. This bill has not moved out of committee and is unlikely to do so.

A federal school construction plan by a House Committee is also cooling off. If the segregation issue could be avoided the construction bill might have a chance, but just now revival of the legislation has significance more as Democratic political strategy than as serious Congressional business.

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COMPETING WITH THE SOVIETS. When Allen Dulles told the Chamber of Commerce recently that the Sino-Soviet bloc had surpassed US steel production in the first quarter of 1958, he provided respectable and documented support, to those who still needed it, for the Administration's foreign aid and trade legislative requests. The Administration has based its case on the prospect that the USSR's economic aid to newly developing countries—$900 million in the last three years—will become steadily greater. But while Administration spokesmen, notably Vice-President Nixon, have in recent months pointed over and over again to Soviet economic penetration, their legislative recommendations for competing with the Soviets are mild as milk—always with the excuse that Congress would not consider adequate ones. Congress, with notable exceptions, has obliged by confirming the Administration's pessimism.

To take the most important example—assistance for newly developing economies—Congress has shown no will to increase the token second-year authorization of $625 million for the new Development Loan Fund—the sole US agency designed primarily to provide long-term credits for Asian and African governments and able, therefore, to operate with sufficient flexibility to compete with Soviet economic penetration. The Export-Import Bank lends only dollars and requires use of its loans for US purchases.

Out of a $3.9 billion Administration mutual security request, only the $625 million for the Loan Fund and another $142 million for technical assistance can correctly be described as "economic" aid. Yet as Dean Acheson said last week, and as we have long argued, the amount needed this year to build up the Fund to an adequate level should be "at least twice and preferably three times as much." Not a single member of Congress has, to our knowledge, called for a more adequate appropriation for the Loan Fund. Moreover, although the House Foreign Affairs Committee did not disturb the $625 million Loan Fund provision (initially voted last year), when it voted out the mutual security authorization last week, opponents of foreign aid are directing their fire at the Fund. And aid supporters are tending to follow the politically easier course of making their pro-aid noises on behalf of the less expensive (and less crucial) technical assistance.

In the case of the single most urgent item of foreign economic policy, emergency credits to support India's Second Five Year Plan, certain members of Congress, notably Senators Hubert Humphrey, John F. Kennedy, John Sherman Cooper, Mike Mansfield, and Rep. Emanuel Celler, have called for assistance more substantial than the $225 million Administration loan—$150 million of it in the restricted form of Export-Import Bank dollar credits. Senator Humphrey called for $900 million in loans in 1958 and 1959, and Senators Kennedy and Cooper introduced a resolution by which Congress would pledge unspecified aid to see through the Five-Year Plan. But theirs are minority voices.

The reciprocal trade legislation introduced by the Administration "was the basic minimum," said one of its main defenders, Rep. Richard Bolling (D-Mo.). Indeed, the provision that would permit increases in tariff rates to 50 percent above the rate of July 1, 1934, *i.e.*, 50 percent above the Hoover Era Smoot-Hawley rates—should, in Bolling's view, be erased by Congress. There are "sufficient protective measures already in the legislation without making it even more protectionist," he told a national rally for the trade legislation last month.

The trend of Congressional opinion, however, is not to make the legislation less protectionist but more protectionist. Instead of a five-year extension requested by the Administration, the pressure has from the start been to extend agreements for only three years. And the Democratic leadership has attempted to keep the trade legislation from a showdown vote on the House floor, for that would separate the sheep from the wolves—and there are more hungry Democratic wolves (Southern) than ever who would like to chew up anything in the nature of free trade politics. Although there are enough votes in the Ways and Means Committee to report out the bill as is, says the leadership, it must be modified in order to pass. House Democratic leaders have thus taken the remarkable step of urging the Administration to cut down the period for extending trade agreements from five to three years before the measure ever gets a trial on the House floor. This is surely an evasion of Congressional responsibility and an obvious effort to obscure who is responsible in the event of a debacle.

The challenges before this Congress were and are now of great, historic magnitude. The response of the Congress has been petty. Admittedly, the first half of every Congress is always slow going, and there are two months or more before adjournment in which much could be accomplished. But as of this week we cannot see what either party will have to boast about when it presents the record of the 85th Congress to the voters in November.

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"Well, hello there, old pal, old pal, old pal"

Subsidies and Morals

IN 1952 Candidate Eisenhower, with all the assurance that can be worked up by a political aspirant who doesn't know what he is talking about, denounced the "immoral implications of the Brannan plan." This was a plan proposed for agriculture in 1949 by Charles Brannan, then Secretary of Agriculture. Its essence was that producers of certain farm commodities should sell on the free market, thus bringing raw materials onto the market at a low price; and should later be compensated by a direct government subsidy up to an agreed-upon price level.

The plan got nowhere when it was offered, but in 1954 it was adopted by Congress at the urging of the Administration, to stop the slide in American wool production. "Desperate situations require desperate remedies," said Senator Dirksen of Illinois who led the fight for the wool bill, when he was twitted about Republican change of heart. This plan has worked fairly well and is up for renewal for a second four-year period; no opposition has so far appeared in the White House or Congress.

The Administration's second recourse to the Brannan plan is in behalf of hard-pressed nonferrous metal producers of the West. It has taken this course rather than to raise tariffs or to combine a smaller hike in the tariffs with import quotas, two alternative plans. Instead, Secretary of Interior Seaton has proposed a post-marketing subsidy, or Brannan-type program, by which producers of copper, lead, zinc, fluorspar and tungsten would sell on the open market and would later be compensated enough to bring prices up respectively to 27.5 cents a pound for copper, 14.75 cents for lead, 12.75 cents for zinc, $48 a short ton for fluorspar and $36 a short ton for tungsten. The Secretary estimates the costs to the government at $161 million the first year, less thereafter.

The industries producing these minerals are in sad plight, with mines and mills either closed down or on the verge of closing. But they still have their pride, and apparently mean to resist help offered by the Administration on the ground that subsidies mean "government interference"—and also that the Administration plan does not offer enough in exchange for their virtue—that is, the prices quoted are too low.

Still Slipping

IT HAS NOW become clear that between March and April the only spring pick-up that materialized was very largely confined to the resumption of outdoor work.

Two weeks ago, in a sampling survey conducted on a house-to-house basis by its own employees, the Census Bureau announced that unemployment had changed but little in the March-to-April interval: it was 5,198,000 in March, and 5,120,000 a month later. A rise in employment of about 600,000 was concentrated in agriculture, with only about 100,000 more jobs in other occupations.

Last week, the Department of Labor's figures on non-agricultural employment became available. These are derived from confidential reports submitted by employers. Since they are somewhat more finely tooled, they permit breakdowns by category. Manufacturing employment was down 271,000; durable goods manufacturing accounted for 184,000 of the decline, non-durables for 87,000. Construction was up 210,000. Services and miscellaneous occupations, following the trend on which we commented last week, rose by 128,000.

The net gain in jobs over the month thus came only to 56,000 at a time when employment usually registers a sharp rise. (Actually, when these raw figures are adjusted to remove the seasonal factor, they indicate that the employment situation worsened from March to April by some 160,000 jobs.)

The Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial production, which will be released while we are at press, will complete the current picture. Since the above-quoted figures on employment are a part of it, the deductions to be drawn from the total situation strike us as clear: a temporary tax-cut, put through Congress as fast as possible, is what the country needs.

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McCarthy for Senator

MINNESOTA DEMOCRATS, meeting in state convention this weekend, are confronted with something of an embarrassment of riches as they prepare to choose their candidate for the US Senate. Two lustrous liberals, Eugenie Anderson and Eugene McCarthy, have volunteered for the formidable task of unseating the Republican incumbent, Edward Thye.

Mrs. Anderson, as our ambassador to Denmark, was a credit to her country, her state and her sex. She was a decorative and diligent addition to the entourage of Adlai Stevenson in his 1956 campaign, to mention just one of her services for the party. And Gene McCarthy in his 10 years in the House has compiled a record that should make liberal hearts jump with joy. No delegate who voted for either one would ever have to blush for his ballot later.

But we think the convention should rally round Gene McCarthy. We think so for two reasons. The first is that we feel that politics, like other professions, is best served by professionals, and Representative McCarthy is a professional politician in the most constructive sense of the term. The second reason is that he has brought into his public life special qualities that would give the label "Senator McCarthy" a wondrously ironic new sheen.

Gene McCarthy came from the classroom to the political arena. He has retained the perspective and humanism which can and should be the intellectual's special contribution to public life, but he has never struck the attitude of fastidious rigidity that so often characterizes the professor-turned-politician. In other words, while he is at home in the front room, he has an operating acquaintance in the back room, too. When he came to the House in 1948, Gene McCarthy imaginatively set about the business of schooling himself on the issues. Each term he chose a new committee, so that he is now serving on the powerful Ways and Means Committee, having acquired a broad background in Postoffice and Civil Service, Interior and Insular Affairs, and Banking and Currency. In addition, he has twice served on our delegation to NATO. He is, in short, a seasoned legislator.

But while experience is a strong suit in politics, there is one even stronger, and that is courage. In these days, we hear a great deal about valor among politicians. Gene McCarthy has practiced it, never more conspicuously than during the heyday of the "other McCarthy." At a time when most politicians, especially those of Irish-Catholic origin, were tacking in the winds blown up by the Senator, Eugene McCarthy was calmly heading into the storm. At the height of the furore, he met Senator McCarthy in open debate. With a serene daring that seemed foolhardy at the time, he introduced a bill to permit so-called "security risks" to serve in non-sensitive jobs. In a radio forum, while more cautious colleagues gasped, he said he saw no reason to run Communist professors off the campuses of America. It was his belief, earth-shaking at that moment, that students of a free society have by the time they reach university age, acquired certain powerful intellectual defenses against subversion. In 1952, his opponent charged him with being "soft on Communism." Gene McCarthy answered the charges to the complete satisfaction of his constituency.

With all credit to Mrs. Anderson, we think the Senate could use a practicing liberal like Gene McCarthy. We think the Democrats of Minnesota should nominate him.

A Conversation with

JAMES THURBER

"I have my moods. I often think it would be fine if the French poodles could take over the world. . . . My old poodle, who died at 17, had genuine comic sense. But when I spoke to the poodle about it, she said, 'The hell with it!' They don't want to get mixed up in it."

NEXT WEEK

Nixon on Aid

IT IS doubtful whether our good-will ambassador to the Southern Hemisphere did his country much good by insisting on debating jeering students at San Marco University. But he probably did the candidacy of Richard Nixon a great deal of good. (Five-column front-page banner in the *New York Herald-Tribune* — "Nixon Braves Reds in Peru, Calm in Barrage of Rocks.") A few days earlier, in Argentina, the Vice President had a more courteous reception, but there, too, we question whether his remarks won any more good will than did his stand on the San Marco barricades. For, in advising the Argentines to be more reasonable about privileges for American oil companies, the Vice President reminds us how faulty his assumptions (which is to say the Administration's) are on matters of foreign economic policy. It is not new for Mr. Nixon to say, as he did last week in Buenos Aires, that what private investors can do abroad the US Government should not do. When he told the Argentines that the US rules out Export-Import Bank loans to help cover oil imports—until

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Argentina can develop its own oil resources—it was consistent with his dictum of last October at the San Francisco conference of international business leaders. There he said that the world Communist challenge can be met,

> provided we base our policies on the fundamental principle that . . . the most productive source of economic progress is private rather than governmental enterprise.

That cliché makes some economic sense inside the US (and makes for votes as well), but what practical use is it as a statement of foreign economic policy? President Arturo Frondizi's government in Argentina is not the only Latin American government which is committed to a state oil monopoly. In Brazil and Chile also, nationalism has made governments highly sensitive to even the most benevolent foreign intervention into vital sectors of the economy. And there is no basic difference between these attitudes and the equally clear desires of new Asian regimes to develop certain industries under state, rather than private, control.

Two days after Mr. Nixon left Buenos Aires, another visiting delegation, encumbered by none of Mr. Nixon's compunctions about loans to state monopolies, was telling President Frondizi about the advantages of oil rigs made in the USSR.

The Soviets and NATO

THE RUSSIANS' cleverest propaganda "victory" is what has told against them the most. For when they announced suspension of nuclear testing, and then so shortly afterwards vetoed the US proposal for Arctic inspection, the popular reaction was naturally disillusionment. Rejection of the latter seemed to demonstrate the insincerity of the former and consequently to support Secretary Dulles' contention that there is little reason to hope that a Summit conference soon could resolve any significant East-West differences.

What the Russians have wanted, and still want, so far as one can estimate the intent of those who make the decisions in Moscow, is to bludgeon NATO into an unequivocable recognition of Soviet domination of East Germany and Eastern Europe, while—if possible—exploiting the atmosphere surcharged with nuclear doom to break up the Western coalition and force the US back behind a Fortress America. The firm and harmonious sound of the communique approved by the NATO foreign ministers last week suggests that recent Soviet diplomacy has failed to further that aim.

It has often been said that NATO's solidarity is less the result of enlightenment in the West than of stupidity in Moscow. Stalin made NATO not only possible but inevitable. Khrushchev seems likely to save NATO even from the inadequacies of its members.

Disarmament Talks

JUST AS IF to prove that tactical consistency is not a hobgoblin of the Kremlin mind, the Soviet Union has reversed itself on an important point: it will, Premier Khrushchev has written the President, consider a preliminary study by technical experts of the monitoring of a nuclear test ban. This conciliatory move was made by Moscow within days of its having threatened Tito (and by inference Gomulka as well) with dire but unspecified punishment for exhibiting too much national independence.

The unexpected shift is the first real disarmament break since a similar, dramatic Soviet concession at London last June, when the USSR consented to the placing of adequately equipped control posts inside its territory to police a test suspension agreement.

Until the latest Khrushchev reversal, the Soviet Union had held tenaciously to its position that suspension of nuclear tests must precede any study of the technical problems of inspecting a test ban. Likewise, until recently our government had seemed to insist that no discussion of a test ban was possible except as part of discussions covering a broad range of subjects, including a ban on the production of fissionable materials. But in his message to the Russians of April 8, in which he suggested that technical studies begin, the President hinted that the US might be willing to consider a separate ban, separate from the rest of the West's disarmament package. We are prepared, the President wrote, to talk about the technical problems "in advance of agreement upon *any one or more* of the oustanding 'disarmament proposals'."

The starting of technical discussions does not mean that the end of bomb tests is around the corner. Nor, of course, would a test suspension automatically mean disarmament.

Acceptance by the Soviets of Washington's proposal for limited talks could, however, be a new start on the long path toward arms reduction, and as such it is cause for some optimism.

Schools in the South

ON THIS EVE of the fourth anniversary of the Supreme Court decision against desegregation, only 15 out of 1,354 bi-racial school districts in the South (excluding the border states) have begun or completed the desegregation process.

So we learn from the factual bulletin *Southern School News* for the month of May. Seven states—Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Virginia—still maintain segregation on all public school levels. In these areas "deliberate speed" has become deliberate defiance.

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Pack Up Your Troubles

WE HAVE HAD a letter from the Advertising Council, asking us to help "put an end to the much-publicized recession," and we're glad to oblige by passing along the Council's good news that,

> The British Motor Corp. in San Francisco is selling Rolls Royces as fast as they can get them; a butcher in Reno says everybody's buying fillets and passing up the cheaper cuts; vacation travel is booming.

We are also glad to pass along the thought of Charles G. Mortimer, president of General Foods Corp. and co-chairman of the Advertising Council's Industries Advisory Committee that "recession begins and ends in the minds of men," and that "the longer the recession goes on the greater the danger that recession fever will spread."

Do You Dream?

TIME WAS when Ben Hecht was young and newspapermen were supposed to be full of derring-do, with a healthy disdain for the Dutch Colonial in the suburbs and a flagrant eccentricity or two for a trademark. So it is with a sigh of regret that we report that one of the country's great newspapers—and the pleasantly liberal *Washington Post and Times-Herald* at that—is now giving "personality adjustment" tests to prospective reporters.

A bright young man, who privately admits to several maladjustments including a first-class journalistic talent, recently underwent the *Post's* screening and passed with flying colors. Recognizing part of the test from his Psychology I course as the old Kuder Preference Test, he was smart enough to answer "no" when asked if he preferred basket weaving to book reading. Nor did it take much to figure out the proper answer to: "Did you have the feeling when you were a child that your parents liked other children better than you?" He did think the joke had gone too far when he was confronted with a set of blocks to arrange, but the psychologist assured him that "these tests are pretty useful in weeding out some of these brilliant types whose personal lives are a mess."

Public Opinion

IN HIS REVIEW in this issue of Herbert Hoover's book on Woodrow Wilson, Mr. Coyle pictures the scene on May 7, 1919, at four in the morning when a messenger brought Hoover a copy of the peace treaty, and,

> during the night he read the bulky volume with growing horror. At dawn he dressed and went out to walk in the deserted streets, where he met two other despairing men, General Smuts and John Maynard Keynes. The three agreed to do all they could to point out to their nationals the dangers of the treaty.

A footnote to that story is that as a result of Keynes' articles against the reparations clauses in the treaty in *The New Republic* in 1919 and early 1920, and of the editorial denunciation of the myth of sole German responsibility for the war, the magazine was attacked for being pro-German, and as one-time editor Bruce Bliven has recalled, "within a short time the paper lost 40 percent of its circulation."

Is the Middle East Now Beyond Hope?

Beirut

RECENT indications of a change of United States policy toward the Middle East are being examined here with close attention. The first sign that the United States Government might be contemplating a change of course was the remark made by Secretary Dulles at a press conference in mid-April, to the effect that the State Department (he thought) favored a detente with Egypt. Since then, Egyptian balances in the US have been unfrozen. It is possible to argue that this step had nothing to do with the international situation. The balances had been blocked in the first place because of doubts about the legal position of the Egyptian Suez Canal Authority; and the agreement between the Egyptians and the Company was held to have resolved those doubts. Yet it is widely believed here that there was more to it than that. Was it really a coincidence that the final stages of the canal negotiations were pushed through *pari passu* with the preparations for Nasser's journey to Moscow? Most Arabs are disposed to believe angry charges made in France, to the effect that US pressure forced the Company to an early settlement, in order to impress Nasser before his departure to the Soviet Union.

These suggestions are reinforced by other signs that Washington is seeking a new relationship with Nasser. There is talk of lending an American dredger for use in the Suez Canal. It is also said that Egypt may soon "qualify" (whatever that may mean) for American aid; presumably the sort of aid which the Richards mission tried to press on Nasser a year ago, along with the Eisenhower Doctrine. In effect,

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this seems to mean that the Americans might drop the Eisenhower Doctrine in respect to Egypt, and get down to business without cluttering up the discussion with high-sounding policy declarations. That would certainly be a step forward; the Middle East has become very suspicious of plans and pacts.

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The thought that the US Government might pursue the course of appeasing Nasser to its logical-seeming conclusion —that of withdrawing support from the anti-Nasser regimes of Jordan and Iraq—is causing some perturbation in those two countries. It is inconceivable that the Americans would go back on existing agreements. But the US commitment to Jordan is limited to a year at a time, while its participation in the Baghdad Pact is loose enough to permit varying degrees of involvement, according to circumstances. Can Mr. Dulles woo Nasser and stand guarantor for Jordan and Iraq at the same time? That would require real finesse. It is possible to argue that he would get the worst of both worlds, arousing new suspicion in Jordan and Iraq without subduing old suspicions in Egypt.

What will be the effect of the new course in Egypt?

The Egyptians will certainly interpret it as a victory, arguing that their carefully considered transactions with the Eastern bloc have finally forced the US to meet them on their own terms. The dropping of the Eisenhower Doctrine would mean, in Egyptian eyes, American acceptance of Nasser's stand on "positive neutrality" as the basis of Egyptian dealings between East and West. It would also give the Egyptians good grounds for hoping that the British, if not the French, would soon follow suit, thus re-establishing Egypt's trading links with the West—again on Egyptian terms. Egypt—and the West—would benefit to the extent that traditional trade patterns were restored.

But if the West seeks political advantage by this tardy courting of Egypt, it is likely to be disappointed. It is now nearly two years since the West, in response to the Czech arms deal, decided to get tough with Nasser. And what is the result? The Suez Canal Company has now agreed to terms roughly similar to those which Nasser offered when he nationalized the canal. Egypt and Syria are one. Washington —if the portents have been read correctly—is now ready to surrender the once roseate vision of a Middle East defense pact linking the Arabs with the West. What lessons is Cairo likely to learn from that? The first is that the West lacks the means, or the will, to impose its views on Egypt. The second —a corollary of the first—is that Egyptian aims are best achieved by refusing compromise with the West and by responding to the honeyed overtures of the East.

Nasser has a lot more to do. His outstanding aims may be reduced in the last analysis to two: unification of the Arab world and discomfiture of Israel. These are more ambitious tasks than any he has yet carried out; to bring them to a successful conclusion he needs powerful allies. Here the West is confronted by two melancholy facts: (1) the Soviet Union has no stake in the preservation of Israel, or of the Arab kingdoms and sheikdoms now dependent on the West; (2) Nasser will not be diverted from either aim by a dribble, or even a stream, of dollar aid. The truth is that the "underdeveloped" countries (as a rule) are also politically unsatisfied; and it is more profitable to give immediate political satisfaction than economic welfare in the long run.

To many in this part of the world the position looks hopeless. The political alignment of Nasser with the Soviet Union is almost inescapable. Arabs who wish us well speak longingly of some "dramatic gesture" to turn the tide. What can it be? Even our best friends in Iraq argue seriously, even desperately, that only Western support of the 1947 partition line in Palestine is enough—"and for God's sake, get in first, before Nasser returns from Moscow." Assuming that such a reversal of all previous policies in respect of Israel is out of the question, what can the West offer in respect of Nasser's other aim: unification? We have encouraged the present regimes of Jordan, Iraq and Saudi Arabia to stand up to Nasser beyond the limit of their intrinsic strength. It is hardly possible to let them down.

In despair, one turns to the Persian Gulf sheikdoms and to the British protectorates in Southern Arabia. Possibly, they represent the most promising line of approach. It has long been admitted in London (unofficially) that these tiny principalities—some wildly rich, most of them unbelievably poor —are an anachronism. The British Government has made some desultory efforts to get them to federate, though no one has yet convinced the present writer—nor the sheiks themselves—why they should. The absurdity of the present position reaches its acme when the Sultan of Lahej declares that he no longer wants British protection, only to be told (in the shape of British troops rounding up suspects in his territory) that protection he shall have, willy-nilly. But the position is more than absurd; it is dangerous. The main result of the British quarrel with the Yemen over the protectorates is the construction of a Russian naval base in the Red Sea.

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Is it beyond the imagination of the British Government to suggest a conference of Arab states and sheikdoms to discuss the future of the protectorates on the assumption that the British wish to withdraw within a specific time? There are precedents: India, Pakistan, Burma. Some, of course, will still argue that Britain cannot "abandon" those committed to her "protection." But what of the Sultan of Lahej? Even if a coach-and-four can be driven through that much abused argument, the magic word will be spoken: oil. But cannot oil, too, be included in a package deal? The issue of nationalization of the Middle Eastern oil industries must be faced soon; even the oilmen see it. Surely it is better to challenge the future than to shuffle into it backwards? The latter way you invite an awful lot of kicks.

H. A. R. PHILBY

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The Polish Disengagement Initiative

Vienna

INSOFAR as Poles are interested in any public life these days, they are most interested in foreign affairs. The proposed "Rapacki Plan" for the atomic disarmament of Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia—besides stimulating a natural national pride in Poland's greater independence in foreign affairs—is viewed in Poland as a practical way of beginning to break up the present log jam between East and West in Europe. This view persists despite the US rejection of the plan as too "limited in scope."

After a recent visit to Poland I have no doubts that the Poles are serious. They have carefully eschewed the first Soviet propaganda tactics of trying to extend the plan to larger areas north and south—areas they know the West will not accept. Furthermore, the recent Polish note to the governments concerned—following the talks between Foreign Ministers Rapacki and Gromyko in Moscow at the beginning of February—has stated readiness to discuss and resolve the two original Western objections to the proposal. These were: The omission of any scheme for control of "denuclearization" in the zone, and the failure to couple a staged reduction in conventional force with atomic disarmament. (The West had pointed out that without tactical atomic weapons in Western Germany it would be at the mercy of the numerically superior Soviet forces in Eastern Germany and Eastern Europe.)

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The purely Polish motives behind the Rapacki Plan are not hard to discern. On the one side, it is a largely emotional attempt to opt out of the atomic armaments race and to reduce the immediate threat of national annihilation in the event of war between East and West. Difficult as it is for Americans to understand, the Poles are genuinely terrified of the military resurgence of Western Germany. They view the proposed NATO introduction of atomic weapons in a rearmed Western Germany as a further serious threat to their security. This is more than Communist propaganda; it is a deep-seated national fear. World War II is, after all, little more than a decade ago. At the same time, when faced with the proposition of a possible war between the two super protagonists now in East and West, the Poles freely admit the irrationality of their argument: They know that in such an event neither Poland nor Germany—nor most of Europe for that matter—would escape total destruction, whether armed with atomic weapons or not.

On the other side—the positive side—the Poles see their plan as a first tiny step toward limited settlements in Europe. They want a return to diplomacy, in which Europe is no longer regarded mainly as a checker board for maneuvering military forces. In a word, the Poles want to move toward military disengagement, so as to expand the possibilities of purely political maneuver in Europe. Poles in every area of public life—including the government—frankly admit that this idea has anti-Soviet implications.

They know first-hand that the Soviet Union is on the defensive in Eastern Europe, after the "Polish October" and Hungarian Revolution of 1956. After 12 years of Soviet domination, the Poles have little fear that the Russians will be able to retrieve their position in Eastern Europe. The social, economic and intellectual effects of Stalin's tyranny have killed the appeal of Communism for young and old alike. For just this reason, the Poles also have no illusions about the Russians withdrawing their troops from Eastern Europe either now or in the immediate future.

Yet they are not discouraged and want to make a beginning somewhere somehow. The Rapacki Plan is their first effort. They have chosen a plan which they claim would not materially affect the over-all balance of military power between East and West. Both sides would retain the ultimate deterrent—atomic and hydrogen bombs. Neither the Americans nor the Russians would withdraw totally from their bases in Europe; the Poles recognize neither would agree to do so.

The Poles *have* proposed that both sides recognize that the present balance can be maintained at a lower rather than a constantly higher level of armaments in this Central European area. They believe that such a limited agreement could in the end yield dramatic results. It could serve as a pilot scheme for agreed limitation of armaments under international control and inspection. It would relax tension in the heart of Europe, and perhaps prepare the way for step-by-step solutions of such larger problems as German reunification and general disarmament. The Poles argue this would lead to an immediate reduction of direct Soviet influence in Eastern European affairs, and perhaps later to its elimination.

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Even the most pro-Western Poles—and this includes the vast majority of the nation—are dismayed and increasingly embittered by the off-hand Western dismissal of their ideas. It is more than the simple rejection of this or that plan as impractical; they say it is the discouraging failure of the West to carry on the search for new approaches to old problems. Their dismay is sharpened by fears that the renewed tug-of-war between Yugoslav nationalism and Sino-Soviet Communism may compel Poland to close newly-opened avenues of contact with the West and again become little more than another satellite sounding board for Soviet foreign policies. The Poles are tired of the sterile "Dullesian" bombast about non-recognition of the "status quo" in Eastern Europe, when the American Government obviously has no coherent or realizable alternative. They point out that just as in their own lives so in the life of a nation, there is never a "status quo." Life is change, and these people—who after all live there—believe that the content of Communism—if not its face—is now changing from within.

GEORGE SHERMAN

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VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

Mankind is imperilled by the tests. Mankind insists that they stop and has every right to do so. — Broadcast by DR. SCHWEITZER, April 28.

O DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER, this is very sad to find!
As spokesman you are out of touch with civilized mankind,
And many of your hearers think you're not in your right mind.

Mankind unfortunately takes a wholly different view,
The great majority believe that crackpot cranks like you
Are absolutely round the bend and haven't got a clue.

The reverence for leadership you clearly underrate,
But citizens conditioned by the all-embracing State
Into their leaders' hands confide their own, their children's fate.

So when great Powers must detonate the nuclear device,
And opposition nationwide could stop them in a trice—
The public for "security" is glad to pay the price.

It's evident your reasoning by leaders is not heard,
That only by their citizens their course could be deterred,
But from the peoples' silence their consent can be inferred.

Mankind's pronounced insanity may cause you some surprise,
It feels it is immune from harm, beneath death-dropping skies,
And though plain truth you speak, it still prefers its leaders' lies.

WHAT's the matter with the people? Don't they know what's bound to come?
Are they dully fatalistic, or with panic terror numb,
Agonizingly frustrated, or just naturally dumb?

For unconcerned and busied with their personal affairs,
A fatal radiation dose is not among their cares,
As if it were your funeral, but certainly not theirs.

Experiments endangering the species and the race,
To them, might be occurring in another time and place—
Mankind that will not save itself is just a hopeless case.

Mankind alone could ban the tests, before the bad grows worse,
And mankind could look on till man pollutes the universe—
Mankind does not appeal, or act, or rise, or even curse.

States are made great by nuclear arms—their people acquiesce.
As for future generations—well, they couldn't matter less—
So though you raise your voice, it's only crying in the wilderness.

SAGITTARIUS

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Our Ailing Regulatory Agencies

by ANTHONY LEWIS

IT WOULD be hard to avoid realizing that there has been a significant loss of confidence in the regulatory agencies. Nothing has illustrated this more sharply, I think, than the recent order of the Court of Appeals here sending the Miami Channel 10 case back to the Communications Commission for a hearing on charges of improper influence. The Commission had suggested a remand with instructions simply to do whatever seemed appropriate. The court, in what seemed to me a most unusual order, told the Commission exactly what issues to investigate, what kind of hearing to hold, when to report back—practically everything except what room to have the hearing in. And then the court ordered that the Attorney General be invited into the proceeding as an *amicus*, presumably to keep an eye on the Commission. In my view that order plainly implies a lack of confidence in the Commission. And I think it is an indication of the trend of feeling among some judges and among a great many lawyers.

What are the reasons for this loss of confidence in the administrative process?

First, there is, of course, the charge of improper approaches by parties and members of Congress in adjudicatory matters.

Mr. Oren Harris' Congressional investigation has at least laid bare the existence of this evil. Putting aside the sad case of Mr. Mack, I was fascinated by the testimony of a former Communications Commission Chairman who said he was approached by various parties to a Boston television case. They didn't want to influence him or do anything wrong, this gentleman testified, they just wanted to tell him what fine fellows they were.

I think some of us have tended to become cynical about this business of *ex parte* representation, coming to believe it is an inevitable evil that just has to be lived with. It was a tonic in that regard to hear the oral argument in the Court of Appeals on the Miami case. The court was genuinely outraged at the whole idea of parties and Congressmen speaking privately to commissioners in an adjudicatory proceeding. Some might regard the judges' tardy discovery of corruption as naïve, but I found it a welcome expression of moral indignation.

Beyond the question of overt corruption there is what may be a more serious charge—that the final judges in the administrative process often have their minds made up before they consider the case. As one lawyer put it to me, "They don't need to be bought. They know the result they want to reach on almost any issue, and everyone else knows it, too." Of course that is an exaggerated statement, but there seems to be enough to it to worry a lot of people. Nothing gives a lawyer a sense of greater futility, I should think, than arguing to deaf ears. I watch oral argument quite regularly in the Supreme Court, and it is a fascinating process. We all know that the members of the Court have points of view—some of them very well established indeed. Yet, more often than not, I believe the oral argument of a case affects the result. The Justices appear open to persuasion; they want information and help from counsel. The complaint from some lawyers who practice before the regulatory agencies is that they are just going through the motions. One example that I must say bothers me is what happens to comparative television cases after the Court of Appeals reverses a decision of the Communications Commission. In two recent cases the Court in quite strong language indicated that there seemed to be no rational way to apply the rules and come out the way the Commission had. On remand, the Commission voted exactly the same way—and I gather none of the lawyers had any particular hopes to the contrary. In no case has a television station actually on the air ever lost its license as a result of a court decision. The law of averages alone would suggest to me that a disinterested Commission, not deciding on the basis of previous commitments, would occasionally change its mind.

This allegation of the closed mind is related to another complaint—against the process of decision itself. These criticisms go essentially to the fact that those who decide the issues eventually are too remote from what should be the decision-making processes of trial and evaluation of the evidence. The parties try out their case before the hearing examiner. The issues are threshed out at length and a record built up. But then the final decision is made —the charge is—by men who have not read the record. And the failure of the judges to write their own opinions is even more bitterly criticized. As the critics see it, we have here a body which takes no responsibility to know the facts in a case or to justify the rationale of the result. The critics would say that reduces the role of the commissioners or board members to nodding their heads—and with that separation of the judges from the process they

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lose the personal identification and responsibility that are the only real check on arbitrary decisions.

These are the most frequently heard criticisms of the administrative process. But there are two others of a broader character that must also be considered.

The first amounts to a charge that too many agencies are just plain stodgy. After all, the men who had the great dreams about the administrative process saw it as a new, creative tool of government—flexible, ready to attack new problems, not held back by encrustations of tradition, really able to deal with the multiple difficulties of an industrialized society. Instead, the critics see administrative agencies that plod along, doing routine tasks in a routine way, bound by fictions and habits as hampering as those of the courts and apparently incapable of taking the bold action of a legislative character philosophers of the administrative process envisaged.

WHICH brings me to the last of these indictments. This is the charge that the agencies have become too identified with the industries they are supposed to regulate, so that the regulated have become regulators. It is said that board members, appointed only for a term of years, must inevitably look to the regulated industry for their future. If the member wants to be reappointed, he will almost certainly need the support of the industry. If he is not reappointed, his professional future almost certainly lies with that same industry. And so a kind of unspoken accommodation of views takes place.

I myself believe there is a good deal to this last charge —the identification of an agency with its industry—but I would not place it only on the personal need of commissioners for industry approval. That seems too simplified an explanation. I think the trouble is that in most cases a regulatory agency has responsibility for a particular, narrow segment of the economy. The board member has to mingle with leaders of the industry and get to know it. In such a situation anyone would tend to concern himself more and more with the special problems of the particular field, letting the broader concept of public interest slip into the background, not seeing the forest for the trees. The antitrust problem is a good example. Again and again the Justice Department finds itself at odds with the regulatory agencies about antitrust enforcement. The Maritime Board rejects antitrust considerations which seem important to the Justice Department in rate matters. The Communications Commission "loses" a letter from the Department objecting to a station transfer on antitrust grounds. The Power Commission disagrees with Justice about whether some pipeline amalgamation should be allowed. Over and over, the agency seems to be taking the view that it must protect its own industries against too stringent an application of the antitrust laws.

One reason that may underlie the faults which are being found in the administrative agencies is that the agencies have aged without acquiring the usual accoutrements of age—respect, and wise traditions. The demerits of age—the delays and cautions of the courts—now do seem to be part of the administrative process. But where is the sense of tradition and pride that glorifies the courts? In part this failing can be traced to a lack of respect for the jobs themselves—a lack of sufficient prestige. If we have had some small men in administrative agencies, it is perhaps because those who have made the nominations regarded them as small plums. I think there is something wrong with asking a man here from the Middle West as a possible candidate for a commission whose work he knows—and then, when that vacancy turns out to be filled, fobbing him off to another agency about which he knows nothing. I think there is something wrong when we can have as chairman of an agency a man who goes around at social gatherings trying to set himself up in law partnership with men upon whose cases he is presently passing.

And along with the lack of pride and tradition is a lack of personal pride in one's own craftsmanship. A judge is an independent force. His opinions bear his name. He builds up a body of cases with his stamp. No office of opinions and review does his work for him. He is a figure in his own right. In the administrative agencies, I would guess, the lack of personal identification of board members with the process of decision underlies many of the procedural shortcomings.

I think, too, it is of basic importance to recognize that the agencies are not the only sinners. My own feeling is that a large proportion of the blame can be apportioned to Congress. Certainly the example set by Congress in recent years is no guide to the way the administrative process should work. To begin at the bottom, venality has not been a stranger at the Capitol. Why should the agencies be above deciding issues by preconceptions when Senators are not ashamed to take a leading part in matters in which they have a personal economic interest? Why should the agencies be expected to act swiftly and creatively on new problems when Congress is so hampered by inertia? What can impel the Communications Commission to try to deal rationally with the problem of pay television when a committee of Congress summarily orders it to forget years of hearings and not even hold a test? Nor is the executive branch immune to criticism for lack of vigorous, creative leadership.

Perhaps the underlying reason for our government failures is a decay in our political life. Louis M. Lyons, curator of the Nieman Foundation at Harvard University, spoke with accuracy last week of "the drabness of our contemporary public life." If we have an uncreative government, surely it is because we have voters who are not interested in new ideas.

Let me mention some cures that have been suggested for the alleged ills of the administrative agencies. The

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first, about which we have heard a good deal, is that Congress or the agencies themselves should promulgate a code of ethics. This, it is said, would eliminate influence peddling. Well, I am somewhat cynical about this proposal. Of course, it is fine to be on the side of morality. But no one should be fooled into thinking that a command to be honest is going to correct all the deficiencies of the administrative process. These deficiencies, as I have tried to indicate, go very much deeper than overt corruption. And I think that the appointment of strong-minded commissioners would be a much surer guaranty of disinterested decisions than any code of ethics.

Some have suggested that members of the agencies be appointed for life, like judges. The idea would be: make them independent of pressures from industry and Congress—the unspoken as well as open pressures. But this idea seems to me to deprive the administrative process of one of the major reasons for its existence—the constant influx of new men and new ideas to meet new problems. I am not ready to entrust lifetime appointees with such rapidly changing problems as gas regulation or television techniques. Or, I should amend that to say that if appointments are to be for life, I see no reason not to go the whole way and turn the whole business over to the courts.

That is the third suggestion we hear—let the courts take over. Somewhat strangely, this proposal has support from two entirely different schools. There are some who never did trust the idea of administrative agencies and who prefer the more familiar atmosphere of the courts. There are others, veterans of the agencies themselves, who have become so discouraged with what they regard as an irrational, unresponsive process of decision that they would go for the radical cure of letting the courts handle at least the so-called adjudicatory aspects of agency business. Some persons have proposed a general administrative court. Others would give the regular federal courts jurisdiction.

Perhaps the very word "court" brings with it some tradition of disinterestedness, and to that extent it might be valuable to give the name of court to one or more agencies. But the difficulty is in knowing how to divide adjudicatory from legislative functions. At present, for example, it is regarded as adjudicatory for the Communications Commission to choose between competing applicants for a television channel. But it is legislative when the Commission removes that channel from one city and assigns it to another. Even if you could draw the line sharply, who is to carry on the agencies' policymaking activities after the supposedly judicial aspects have been assigned somewhere else? Some observers feel that these policy functions should be given right back to the executive branch—that the Commerce Department, for example, should make television channel allocations. But I am not at all sure that the already existing pressures would not then become overwhelming.

The one aspect of the court proposal that appeals to me is the idea of one governmental body concerning itself with many different industries and different problems. I do subscribe to the charge that expertise—concentration on one industry, one set of problems—has been damaging to the administrative process. I think it has made many agencies tend to identify with the regulated industry, to forget the broader concepts of public interest. In fairness I should add that the regulatory agencies are not, of course, the only examples of industry orientation in our government. The Agriculture Department, for example, might be said to fall into the same category. And beyond the matter of identification with the regulated industry, I think confinement to a narrow area of problems tends to stifle the broad intellectual processes we need. A judge told me recently that the best part of his job was that he did not have only one kind of case. His court's great advantage, he said, was that it passed on wills and torts and criminal cases as well as administrative matters. He said the variety of cases produced a cross-fertilization of ideas that he regarded as essential.

FOR ALL these reasons I would look favorably on any device to broaden the purview of the administrative agency heads. One idea that has been suggested has been to combine some of the agencies. Another is to appoint roving commissioners who would sit with one agency for a certain time, then move to another. Objections will be heard, and there are valid ones. But I would sacrifice a good deal to get agency heads out of a single track of problems and out of a specialized relationship with one industry.

As I indicated earlier, I would favor procedural reform to emphasize the role of the individual commissioner or board member. I think he should have a sufficient staff of his own so that he can take the responsibility for his own opinions. There is nothing like drafting an opinion, and knowing it will appear in print under your name, to make a judge of any kind rethink his decision in a case.

I must say also that I would go for less regulation in general. I think sometimes that as a Nation we have become psychologically too adjusted to regulation. When I see the Supreme Court taking its time deciding whether the ICC should have given a different permit to a small trucker to haul goods between two cities, I just wonder whether we would not be better off letting anyone haul whatever he wants, subject only to safety regulations. Wouldn't it be fun to forget all the arguments about pay television and just let anyone go ahead who wants to, letting the fittest system of television survive the resulting donnybrook? I know this is a heretical thought, but I would not mind a touch of the robber baron here and there in our over-protected life. At least it would be more interesting.

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PORTRAITS OF OUR CITIES—IV

Little Rock

by PATRICK O'DONOVAN

THE BED WAS ornate and the carving looked as if it had been stamped on by machinery rather than cut out of the wood. The walls were cracked and painted an institutional green. The furniture was cheap and battered. The bathroom was a melancholy cell with shadows in its ceiling. The air was impregnated with other people's liquor and tobacco. But the room was comfortable and sufficient.

There was a splendid television set in a corner. It assumed a more than ordinary importance. You could hear its brothers murmuring up and down the corridor behind the closed doors. It brought the public face of America into this mousy room which, anywhere else, would have been called provincial. It also added, on its account, a local face, still the public one but still a strange and different one.

Tucked in among the glittering programs from far away coasts, there were breathless interviews with self-assured ladies in hats who had just become Presidents of something. There were foreigners passing through doing their duty at the microphone and speaking of their own as if they had all been subsidized from a Ministry of Propaganda. There were inarticulate boy farmers who clutched hard-won prizes and kept saying, "I suppose so." There was news of dances and suppers in towns with open, casual names that made the room seem smaller and seedier. There were male singers and quartets who sang to guitars with a sort of complacent misery of a God who had been stripped of all his absolutes and turned into a dependable mother figure. You got an impression of personal kindness and organized good works and physical health and an easy conscious contentment that is very rare in the world.

Down below in the lobby the picture hardly changed. Men wandered in to talk and sat with their hats on among the potted palms doing business or discussing their city or rearranging the news of their families. Cheerful Negro servants, in the uniforms of the old Austrian army, whipped luggage in and out of elevators and maintained a continuous private talk among themselves. Groups of young men with their names on their lapels, as alert as if they were being watched by a selection board for officer's training school, crowded suddenly out of hired rooms. They dressed alike and without ostentation. In the evening their wives appeared as carefree and as careful as birds and dressed, without extravagance, to kill. There were comfortable old ladies coming down with their gloves on to eat alone in the coffee shop. There was no bar, but a shop that sold the more obvious bottles—"and would you like a sack for that one?" There were piles of luggage round the pillars. One of them included a sword case and japanned box of the kind that usually hold court or colonial uniforms and the heap topped with a marvelous cocked hat, crowned with soft black feathers, with a great gold tassel at either end and a shiny red cross set in a sun burst of braid on one side.

This animated and relaxed forum is in Little Rock. It is one of several serving its state. Little Rock is a pleasant place, an easy, sort of end-of-the-line, place. It is old enough not to seem raw or unfinished. It is new enough to seem exciting, even adventurous, as if there were still chances for a young man with his wits and his hands. It is laid out like a great camp with its streets straight and at right angles, sprawling over the plain. It looks a good place to live in as long as you do not demand an opera season, a great art gallery, Bohemia, delicate restaurants, organized vice, good architecture, book shops and an influential leaven of intellectuals.

It should be the right place for a tired refugee, tired of running and tired of having to fight to stand still. Here, surely, he could find company and friends and comfort. And discover the reality of the idea America offered the world and wrote in verse on the base of the statue in New York Harbor. He could watch his children changing into something they could never have hoped for, growing taller, talking louder. He could watch them leaving for the high school dressed in the high fantasy you can see in the background of the Venetian paintings of the Marriage of the Virgin, tight clothes, bright colors and an arrogant, forgivable delight and pride in being young.

It is a good place, crowned by a noble Capitol—with its proper complement of dome and pillars—that has been built with a purposeful extravagance. A Governor

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in a gold chain and ermine could properly move down its stairway to prorogue his legislature. The building is a gesture of pride.

There is an older Capitol down in the city which is among the most handsome in America. A plain pediment held up by doric columns, less ostentatious in its plain, gentlemanly whiteness, but still the same pride in a republic.

The center is American transitional. Its shape and charms have been dictated solely by changing commercial necessities. The main street of any small and healthy American town. Shiny and perpetually new. Furniture and appliances laid out to tempt a down payment and debt turned into an attribute of citizenship. Drugstores with windows barricaded by heaped up trivialities. Restaurants where the steaks are the cheapest and the best, the potatoes from Idaho and the shrimp fresh and jumbo. Jewelry shops where a working girl can buy a ring that will knock your eyes out. Movie theatres that smell of popcorn as an engine room does of hot oil, where the luxury looks real if not solid. Shops for objects of *vertu* where you can buy Wakamba salad servers, or prints of the Agony in the Garden, or china statuettes of devoted dogs, or of girls selling lavender in Old London, or fire-screens with galleons on them, or patriotic cushions, or busts of Lincoln, or lampshades with an individual touch or the latest in curtains for the front room or a statue of Our Lady that plugs in. Nothing is impossibly expensive. Everything is made easy. It would be easy to criticize, but, damn it, this is precisely what nine-tenths and more of the world dreams of as unattainable well-being. It's what the People's Democracies would do if they could. It's what Europe now does when there is not an authority or an outraged pressure group to stop it. And when the sun is out and the roads are busy with cars even brighter and more tumultuous than the merchandise, when the pavements are alive with crowds that laugh, and yet do not waste time, the place looks caught in a private and enviable and uncomplicated euphoria.

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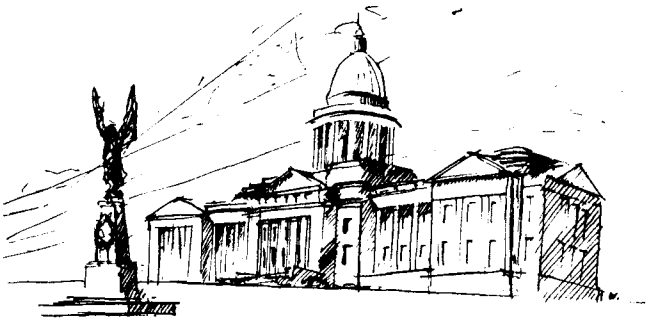
Around the center is the inner suburb which looks far older than the city it serves. It is a wooden suburb. Its angular houses stand on tight quilts of crab grass. It is built in a specially American style, in England used only for cricket pavilions, in France for comfort stations. It is fantastic, faintly gothic with French renaissance overtones. It has turrets and mad little stained glass windows in eccentric places. Its fretted decorations were ordered out of catalogues and, I believe, are associated with the name of General Grant. It has deep pleasant porches and you know there are brown photographs in oval frames on the wall. (If it were England, there would be



an elephant's foot for the umbrellas and a smell of linoleum.)

They line street after street, turning carefully blinded eyes on the quiet roadway below them. They are screened with drab trees that burst once a year into an explosion of tropical color. They are, in fact, each an individual attempt to build a home and each is worth individual attention. These houses, and there are many hundreds of thousands of them in America, are due to become very desirable after the lapse of a few more years—or at least those that survive. They are good buildings. They precisely express a way of life. And Little Rock has a rich collection of them.

Such districts are stuck with churches as a pudding with plums. Colonial, Gothic, Byzantine and Colonial—their notice boards proclaim preachers and repentance. They tend to be bare and white inside, as if the money had run out after the erection of the tower. But they make their point and beyond them is the Great Suburb that has surrounded every city—of pink brick and glass, where the crab grass has been conquered and the lawns have sprinklers and women sometimes wear shorts as they get ready for their husbands to return and the children run across the hedgeless lawns as free as rabbits beside a plantation of trees.

But when the sun goes down, Little Rock stops. The main streets glitter to themselves. There are a few speechless youths waiting on the corners. There are weary Negroes standing alone by shop windows. The side streets are dark. Occasionally a convertible, full of young people shouting, goes tearing down the road out onto the plain and into the night at the end of the lights. Couples walk quickly into the movie houses. The restaurants are almost empty. The lights in the Gothic houses are dimmed with curtains and there is music in the outer suburbs. The hotel lobby empties and the Negro porters finish their conversation. The bottle shop is closed. The man has taken his cocked hat away. There is nothing wild, or violent, or extreme to be seen or heard. It is quiet and decorous and decent.

You are at a loss to explain why this city should have been chosen to do and suffer what it has done. Of course the reasons have been given and the blame apportioned. But it still seems astonishing.

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Why Adlai Stevenson Haunts the Democrats

by REP. STEWART L. UDALL

ADLAI E. STEVENSON, in losing two Presidential elections, took a worse beating the second time than the first. By all the rules and most of the precedents of an unforgiving business he should be washed up. (In all our history only two men—Henry Clay and William Jennings Bryan—have been thrice nominated; and both were thrice defeated.) But Stevenson seems to have a way of defying the political laws of gravity, and by virtue of no special effort on his part—or anybody else's — he is still today a dynamic force in our national life.

If one needed proof of Stevenson's peculiar durability there is the fact that two more books concerning him, one a major biography, have come off the presses *since* the 1956 rout. (Can anyone imagine a publisher publishing, or a reader buying, a biography of, say, Thomas E. Dewey in 1949, or Alf Landon in 1937?)

No one is saying, yet, that Stevenson will be drafted for a third try. After all, he has forthrightly disclaimed interest in another candidacy. But it is not too early to predict that he will both inspire and haunt his party in the months ahead, and cast a long shadow over the politics of 1960.

How has Stevenson survived the fallout of his two campaigns and emerged, phoenix-like, with stature and influence unbecoming a double also-ran?

One answer, I think, lies in his character and the qualities of his mind. That he is now our leading statesman without portfolio strongly suggests that he is uncommon both as a man and a politician.

Certainly these personal qualities have been evident in recent feats which have served to enhance his reputation. Within the space of four days last February, for example, he made two Washington appearances which added cubits to his stature. At the mid-winter Democratic banquet Stevenson's pithy remarks to the overflow crowd downstairs made a more lasting impression than the nationally-televised speech of former President Truman. And when the conference on foreign aid convened—with the President, the Vice President and Mr. Truman as featured speakers—it was Stevenson again who penetrated deepest and evoked the warmest applause.

These two performances prompted a veteran Washington journalist to sum up the dilemma of my party: "The Democrats are going to have a hard time living up to Adlai."

Of course, the living-up-to problem is also closely related to the fact that Stevenson's two nominations stemmed from a consensus that he was the best man his party could offer the country. I believe this estimate is still widely held in Democratic circles—not least by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt who reiterated her view a few weeks ago that he would make "one of the best Presidents we ever had."

A further explanation of the Stevenson phenomenon is that he has worn well as a person. Despite his defeats, and the bruising primary campaign of 1956, as near as one can tell he has avoided the cross-currents of rancor that tormented Dewey, Willkie and many other losers. I would say an important part of Stevenson's personal triumph is that he has never had a winter of discontent. Indeed, his mature outlook suggests that he has taken to heart the adage of Montaigne: "A wise man never loses anything if he have himself."

Stevenson's maturity has served him well in other ways, too. Although it was probably Socrates, not Adlai, who invented the "talk sense" technique of public dialogue, the latter has made a real contribution in compelling people to re-examine their ideas about political campaigns and campaigners. If the current crop of aspirants show a marked tendency to emphasize hard truths and rational thought, maybe some of the credit should go to the former Illinois Governor. More than anyone might care to admit, he is a silent mentor of the Presidential hopefuls of both parties. Patently, the "new approach" to politics of Vice President Nixon has strong Stevensonian overtones; and many of the more astute Democratic contenders look to him for cues.

It is also apparent that in the course of his ill-fated campaigns, Stevenson strengthened his party: it was he who broke over-the-shoulder fixation on the New Deal and its symbols, and refreshened our reputation as the party of ideas and intellectual vigor.

In fact, it is an interesting commentary on the current political scene that Stevenson may have had greater success in "modernizing" *his* party than President Eisenhower (with all the powers of the White House at his finger tips) has had with the Republicans. It is also quite

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possible that Stevenson may outrank the President as a creative innovator if his Chicago idea of an "open vote" for Vice President becomes imbedded in the tradition of our political conventions.

It is significant, too, that Stevenson acted as a fulcrum for the upsurge of his party in several of the states. It was hardly accidental that many of the Stevenson strongholds of 1956—California, Oregon and Pennsylvania, to name a few — were the states where Stevenson's 1952 campaign set in motion new forces and personalities. In many instances it was this fresh corps of amateurs and egghead recruits who provided the extra drive that revitalized weak party organizations.

Of course, there is an ironical touch in all this. Stevenson will watch ruefully from the sidelines if the methods of his unorthodox 1952 campaign are adopted as the orthodox style for 1960. And, by elevating his long-haul approach ("I would rather lose the election than mislead the people") to a concept of high strategy, he may have forfeited short-haul advantage to speed the day of ultimate victory—under the banner of another candidate. At this point the irony will come full circle if the Democrats should elect the next President, and his program closely follows the "New America" blueprint of Stevenson's 1956 campaign.

But looking ahead, can one say with finality that Stevenson's defeats have written him off as a possible candidate? Although an affirmative answer to this question seems fully justified at present, it might be ill-reckoning to count him out prematurely. I am aware that the old pros—those ex-officio wise men of politics who always want the last say—have delivered their various verdicts: "He was too intelligent . . . didn't have the feel of the people . . . just didn't get across."

TO ME, there is something curious about the mystique of these experts and their judgments. A hard look discloses that this magic formula is astonishingly simple: winners have the "feel"; losers don't. (If, by chance, history had thrown FDR onto the Presidential launching pad in the complacency of 1928—or Woodrow Wilson, say, in 1908—one might safely guess the old pros would have said: "He was too aristocratic . . . somehow didn't get across to the people.")

More important, however, this rationalizing tends to obscure the fact that a Chief Executive needs a "feel" for creative leadership most of all. Once in the White House, matchless antennae will not suffice without a sense of history and the instinct for bold action. As historian Allan Nevins recently put it:

> In nine instances out of ten, the highest type of democratic leader is made, not born; and he proves his leadership rather in anticipating a crisis than in rising out of one. . . . It is a safe generalization that not a single President has made a memorable success as leader who did not possess, when he entered office, a set of ideas ready-molded into a program.

In retrospect, then, was it really some disabling flaw in Stevenson's personality, or basic error of strategy, that brought on his 1956 defeat? Late in that campaign I heard him privately describe his assignment as that of trying to "kick holes in a fog." Surely this was an apt description of the time and the task: the mood and material well-being of the nation creates doubts that any Democratic candidate could have effectively carried out a critical campaign.

It may be that the only objective answer to the personality-flaw argument is to put a counter-question: Who, of those who aspired, would have run the race better, or produced a different result?

There is abundant evidence that seems to bear out the wisdom of Stevenson's long-haul approach. Samuel Lubell has pointed out that at the national level American politics runs in cycles: certainly there is ample warrant for the view that, historically speaking, the Democrats' defeat of 1952 was necessary, that in 1956 inevitable. Had a national hero waged the Democrats' contest either year he might well have suffered the fate of Winston Churchill in the 1945 British election.

If modern political history reveals anything, it discloses that much of the time the race is not to the wise

NOW IN HIS second term in the House, REP. STEWART L. UDALL (D, Ariz.) —who serves on the Education and Labor Committee—is a rare combination of political philosopher and political activist. His writings on the seniority system and the role of the House in the legislative process distinguish him as a thoughtful and articulate public servant. He is equally forceful as a practical legislator. His aid-to-integration school bill was regarded as a constructive alternative to the Powell Amendment; he has been an effective advocate of the repeal of the 22nd Amendment and of clean election legislation.

HIS DISTRICT—all of Arizona except the Phoenix area—has the heaviest population of Reservation Indians in the nation; it also produces half the nation's copper. Thirty-eight years old, Udall is a son of the Chief Justice of the Arizona Supreme Court.

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or the well-prepared, but to him who runs with the wind at his back. There is good reason to wonder, I suspect, whether the old saying "It's no disgrace to lose to the champ" is applicable to politics. Could Dewey have lost twice to Roosevelt and kept his White House hopes? Probably so. It seems plain his career ran aground not because he was defeated twice, but because he lost, when the winds were favorable, to Harry Truman.

What then does the future hold for Adlai Stevenson? Obviously he is not ready for the back-bench role of an elder statesman: for one thing, he lacks the credentials of gray hair and a tired mind. And although Dr. Gallup reports that 40 percent of the Democrats would like to see him renominated, there are no signs Stevenson wants to put this latent power to use (in the Bryan tradition) as a candidate or kingmaker in 1960. More likely, he will be content to exert the quiet influence of an exemplar and part-time prophet.

But no matter how passive Stevenson is, his stature, as a yardstick symbol, may pose hazards for his party. Stature, which is ultimately recognized through the seasoned judgment of thoughtful men, comes as the culmination of a long process—as Vice President Nixon has learned of late.

Unquestionably both parties have aspirants who might rise to meet the challenge of a national contest on the high plane of a 1952 Stevenson. But getting the nomination is another matter, and any candidate who can proceed unhindered with a stature-building program (as may be the case with Mr. Nixon) enjoys a favored position. As Stevenson, Kefauver and Harriman learned to their sorrow in 1956, intra-party fight tear down stature: contenders must take the wrenching jumps of the steeplechase, while the unopposed candidate exhibits his best form over well-chosen obstacles on the practice course.

There is the growing prospect, too, that Stevenson may appear more prophet than politician by 1960. A case in point is his H-bomb test ban proposal: though cruelly distorted by the Republicans during the campaign, it stands today as an act of singular statesmanship. Likewise, other Stevenson ideas, sown earlier on stony ground, may have been carried to hospitable soil by the wind and weather of events. Indeed, some are wondering whether, as the Democrats near the moment of decision, a prophet in the hand might appear worth two on the make.

There are other persuasive reasons why Stevenson could be given another chance. Under the spur of the Soviet challenge, there is reason to hope we may have developed new national attitudes toward intellectual achievement by 1960. It would not be a wholly new experience for America to catch up with a leader thought to be "ahead of his time"; and should we enter an "egghead era," who better deserves to be its presiding officer than its principal architect?

There remains one last question. Would a second-choice draft movement arising out of a deadlocked convention find him receptive? One wonders if he knows his own mind on this point. However, his interest in public affairs and his esteem for the Presidency are undoubted, and it is hard to believe he would refuse a clear call from his party.

In any event, as Stevenson looks ahead to mid-summer 1960 his course should be clear. Above all, he should simply be Adlai Stevenson, and plow a straight furrow. And, on the chance that messengers bearing news might call, he could (as some say Cincinnatus did) plow his furrows near the road.

The Faith of a University

by ROBERT E. FITCH

THE NEW REPUBLIC has done a service to us all in making available the better part of the text of William Warren Bartley's criticism of the thesis that religion should serve as a unifying force in higher education ("Religion at Harvard," *NR*, April 21). It is, indeed, high time that a sharp word should be spoken against the ideological unifiers of society, whether Catholic, or Calvinist, or Communist.

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There is only one thing wrong with Mr. Bartley's presentation. Having failed to put forth a radical statement of democratic pluralism, he merely proposes, as an alternative, one more unifying philosophy which can be as sterile and as tyrannical as those against which it contends. Let us see, then, what is the essential in such a radical pluralism; then note, solely from the evidence in Mr. Bartley's paper, how he violates the canon; and finally consider what must be the substantive and the procedural faith of a university in a democracy.

To begin with the essential: Truth is not One. There is no One Truth. Both the 13th Century, which appeared to have unified truth under theological science, and the

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18th Century, which appeared to have unified truth under natural science, are historical reminders that any alleged unity on the intellectual plane is simply a tyranny which preserves order by suppressing or by exterminating opposing truths. The fact is, the world in which we live is no more a universe than it is a pluriverse. It would be more accurate to speak of it as a uni-pluriverse.

Not only is there no one truth. There never has been one truth. Mr. Bartley speaks correctly when he says that, in effect, there are several Christianities. It is also the case that, in any good university, there are several sciences, natural and social, and several humanities. Nor has there yet been devised any theoretical structure of reason which could actually achieve a pattern of rational coherence for these several schools and methods of arts and sciences. It is again the case—although I am not sure that Mr. Bartley has learned this—that there are several philosophies, and that what goes proudly by the name of "analysis" is only one of them, even though it may have ruled out the rest for being meaningless in their questions and meaningless in their answers.

On the other hand, pluralism is not relativism. The fact that assorted truths may stand in tension or in contradiction with one another does not mean that there is no truth anywhere. There are several truths, but there is still the distinction between truths and falsehoods. There are several goods, but there is still the distinction between goods and evils. A democracy dare not become what some critics think Max Lerner has made of our country in *America As A Civilization*—a multiform and parti-colored stew of all possible ingredients which, because of the extreme variety of its culture, has at last ceased to have any genuine character at all. This is the democracy which Plato saw and despised in classical Greece, and which he watched move toward anarchy and annihilation.

It is also necessary for a pluralism to do what a monism cannot do—*i.e.,* make room for competing faiths each of which would make an absolute claim on our loyalty. Each of these faiths will claim to possess the One Truth, to provide in some sense for a fellowship in a One True Church, to offer to all mankind the one satisfactory Way of Salvation. In a democratic society, however, there are families of truths and families of falsehoods. It is desirable to provide for the cooperation and the competition of these several truths because, while none has the whole truth, each has some truth in its possession, and some capacity to provoke truth from another.

Mr. Bartley has remarked that the great pretenders to a sovereign, unifying truth today are the Catholic, the Calvinist and the Communist. That even Communism—with its considerable admixture of evil and of falsehood—can be a useful challenge to the complacency of a democracy has been painfully demonstrated to us in recent times. Of course the oldest claimant in this group is Roman Catholicism, which has an ancient skill and subtlety in the business of unifying, and today even has its following of secular Thomists like Robert M. Hutchins and Mortimer Adler.

As for the Calvinists, they suffer from an acute inward tension. So far as they are Calvinists, they are unifiers. So far as they are Protestants, they are functionally and in effect pluralists. Thus they are in the unhappy position of being unable to confess in a creed what is their doing in daily business.

From our point of view this enables us to make the charitable judgment that their practice is better than their preaching. Indeed, I have found this to be true of many Christians. Today there is some slight evidence that it could be true even of Communists. And I may say, after a long and close association with professional philosophers, that this is what helps to improve their company.

But while Mr. Bartley is opposed to the commitments in which we might be trapped if we were to become subject to the classical unifiers, it seems that he does not mind slipping in a few suggestions for a bigger and better unification of his own. This appears in his essay from his handling of religion, of morals, of philosophy, and of method. Of course the new job is to be done by pure reason. To distinguish this rationalism from the rationalism which is Catholic, or Calvinist, or Communist, I mean hereafter to render it Reason, with a capital "R."

As we might expect, the very first thing that is to be unified by this Reason is religion. Mr. Bartley is disturbed because the University chaplain, Dr. Buttrick, decided to exclude Jewish marriages from the Harvard Chapel. Dr. Buttrick argues that it would be intellectually dishonest for Christian and Jewish marriages to take place in the same sanctuary, and offers to contribute the first $100 to the building of a synagogue near the Yard. Here Mr. Bartley is correctly and almost comically in the spirit of the anti-clerical and secular rationalism of the 18th Century. For to a Voltaire and to a Diderot, the differences between religions are silly differences, and it just doesn't make sense to make a pother about them. Of course we are going to be tolerant of the different religions; but among us intellectuals—say, here at Harvard—there ought to be some unification of religion in the light of Reason. However, if it is a Harvard tradition to have Jews get married in a chapel which is Christian rather than Jewish, then Harvard had better catch up with Brandeis University and consider plans to respect the integrity and the individuality of the several faiths.

When it comes to morals, Mr. Bartley quotes with approval a paragraph by Raphael Demos in which we are told, in italics, that the essence of character is the control of the passions by reason. Here again we get ethics in the tradition of classic rationalism, with no apparent aware-

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ness of how it conflicts with other significant traditions. John Dewey, and even Aristotle, could tell us that the control of the passions is the work of habit as much as of reason.

And William Shakespeare as well as Saint Paul would say that the basic controls in human nature do not lie in reason at all, but lie in our loves and in our loyalties. Also when Demos speaks of the categorical demands of the ideal—this time with my italics—"*never* yielding to self-deception, *never* romanticizing what we cannot avoid, *never* calling evil good . . . " he makes an assumption of perfectibility in human nature which must produce the very self-deception and hypocrisy which he is determined absolutely to avoid.

Again, when it comes to philosophy, it would appear from Mr. Bartley's essay that Reason is opposed to the Big Question and to the Big Answer. The predilection for that sort of thing is supposed to be peculiar to the religions. Plato is put forth as the model for those who prefer to exercise their Reason in this more discriminating and analytical fashion. Yet any student of the classics who does not have his vision screwed down to the narrow compass of microscopic dissections knows that Plato both asked the Big Questions and ventured the Big Answers, and that, for all his dexterity in logic, he was also a poet who liberated the imagination and a seer whose vision challenged the moral potential of men. Plato the philosopher was a man who was all of these things, nor is he to be contained in some neat little device of analysis, any more than the assorted religions of the world, in all their infinite variety, are to be caught up in some tidy formula of deism.

Mr. Bartley's Reason is equally disingenuous when he recommends to us the distinction between a procedural faith and a substantive faith. Surely as a student of philosophy he must be aware that any method has its metaphysics, which is implicit in the postulates which underlie the method. An Aristotlelian logic goes with one kind of world; an experimental logic with another; and the logic of logical positivism gives us, in Morton White's words — with what "mock rhetoric," indeed! — "a wasteland of linguistic analysis, a verbal desert, a dusty retreat. . . . "

Moreover, we should have purged ourselves by now of the delusion that there is some one true method that is self-certifying and self-correcting. The Thomist believes this of his method; John Dewey believed it of his version of scientific method; the Communist believes it of his dialectical method of internal criticism. But the obvious fact is that no method can confer infallibility on man, as no religion can confer impeccability on man, and we require cooperation and competition between logical methods as well as between religious rituals.

In any case Mr. Bartley has a misplaced fear lest, for the sake of Tillich's Courage To Be, he should lose the Courage To Think. Indeed, his present writing reveals a fresh and vital intelligence. But if that intelligence should come some day to a dead end, it will be due, not to an overdose of religion, but to a surfeit of a certain kind of philosophy. For what he calls "analyzing endlessly" may be a way to evade problems and their solutions rather than a way to confront them. Analyzing endlessly—like a lover in a Henry James novel, or like Herbert Hoover in the White House—may be simply a way to employ reason to assassinate itself. Moreover, if any one has fought in a war, or reasoned with a wife, or disputed with a political opponent, he must know that many important issues in life are and must be resolved by instrumentalities other than the intellect.

Let a Morton White poke fun at the "Alpine splendor" of White, at the "playful practicality" of James, at the "metaphysical bugle" of Whitehead. Even so the pygmies belittle the giants. But then let not the pygmies be perplexed by the inferior status they have today in the academic community. Professors in other departments may express violent feelings about a department of education: at least they pay it the compliment of believing it to be very much alive. But a teaching which has made philosophy both innocuous and irrelevant in its own world of thought will not excite great emotions of good will or of ill will. Such philosophy has not the power even to harm.

The substantive faith of our kind of society is a faith in the specific values that come down to us from our diverse inheritance in religion, in science, in political democracy, in business enterprise, in the fine arts. The procedural faith is a faith in the kind of experimental logic which, without permitting any of these elements to assume hegemony over the rest, shall assist at their creative interaction in competition and in cooperation. While these elements are held together in a working faith, they are not unified by any philosophy into a tidy system of coherence. Their relations are not those of sovereignty and of subjection, but are those of stimulus and challenge and collaboration and contrast. As in the fellowship between a husband and a wife it is a question, not of logical compatibility, but of a functional compatibility which shall be fruitful of further goods and truths.

The discovery of these specific values and the revelation of further truths and goods is not the work of some magic ritual of linguistic analysis. It is done empirically, by painstaking historical inquiry, and by the exercise of creative imagination on the materials that may be available. It is being done presently at any number of colleges which, in imitation of an example set long ago by the undergraduate college of Columbia University, have groups of scholars exploring the history of our civilization, and raising among themselves seriously the question as to what are the universal values which belong to our heritage, and which we may hope to extend by sharing

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and by elaborating in company with other peoples.

The values in political democracy are the values of life, liberty, property, fraternity, equality and the pursuit of happiness. These are not vague abstractions, but require to be broken down and defined in their historical contexts. Moreover, they are not some harmonious whole, but often exist in conflict and in tension with one another. Again, the ethical values of our Hebrew-Christian heritage are certain very specific ideals of justice, of righteousness, of love, of liberty, and of the sanctity of the individual. As for the values that belong to the substantive faith of the teacher in a university in such a society as this, they are Truth, Freedom and the Person.

Of course what has just been stated with rhetorical over-simplification needs to be clarified in detail. The teacher must believe in the several truths which can be arrived at by the diverse techniques of various academic disciplines, and must believe that they are in some sense objective truths and not the mere expression of the whim of an individual or of the caprice of custom. The freedom in this instance is academic freedom; and the person to whom we owe a special regard is the person of the student.

As for the commitment of the teacher, it is first of all a commitment to the general values which belong to our culture, and it is specifically a commitment to the truths, the freedoms, and the persons which help to define the code of ethics of his own profession. Beyond this we can only ask that he should hold in affection rather than in contempt the subject which he teaches, and that he should display sensitivity and imagination in dealing with its various aspects. For the rest it is a question of academic policy whether a given subject belongs to social pathology or to a realm of positive values. If indeed religion is a disease like insanity, then it can be taught objectively only by atheists who have demonstrated that they are free from any taint of contamination by it. But if it is more akin to the humanities, then the teacher might be expected to show some appreciation and enthusiasm for its merits.

However, we must not forget the fundamental, which is that we are held together by an act of faith, rather than unified by a philosophy. There is no rational proof of the validity of our most cherished values. Least of all is there any proof of the "sacrosanct nature of the individual," which Bartley cites with approval out of Conant. Not only is this principle not taught by many world religions and systems of ethics; they even regard individuality as the source of all evil. Actually this principle has its continuous and dramatic expression only in the Judeo-Christian tradition. There is also the problem of just what is sacred about the individual. Do we get the answer to this question from John Calvin or from John Dewey, from Rousseau or from McGuffey? And there is the very critical problem— susceptible of historical and empirical analysis—as to whether or not the faith in personal immortality or in the resurrection of the body is a necessary correlate of a vital faith in the sanctity of the individual.

In any case we cannot abide the pretensions of any authority whatsoever which should declare: (1) There is One Truth upon which all other truths depend; (2) We are in possession of that One Truth, and are officially entrusted to administer its consequences. Mr. Bartley is right in singling out the Catholic, the Calvinist, and the Communist as the chief claimants in our time to this One Truth. He is right in rejecting these claims. But it is ironical that he should assume this claim for his own sect.

When he quotes with approval Demos' statement, "At Harvard, of course, we make no effort to indoctrinate," I am provoked to profane and uproarious laughter. Indeed, I find it incredible that even at Harvard a professor of philosophy could speak with such epistemological innocence, and I find it still more incredible that he should have persuaded an obviously intelligent student to believe him. Certainly there is indoctrination here—in attitude, in method, in contest and in outcome. But since it is indoctrination in the One True Truth, it is not, I suppose, really indoctrination! In fact, the only difference between this sort of pseudo-scientific rationalism and the rationalisms that are Catholic, or Calvinist, or Communist, it is a difference in honesty. These others at least declare themselves to be what they are, so that we can come at them openly.

WHEN I insist that we are held together by a substantive faith rather than unified by a philosophy, I do not pretend to deny indoctrination. Certainly at this point we do indoctrinate. Nor do I mean to cripple the uses of reason. For the philosopher calls postulates what the man of action calls articles of faith, and there is plenty of occasion here for the exercise of analysis. But analysis is not self-sufficient any more than is faith. For what we have to begin with is a heritage that is rich and diverse and fecund. In this heritage we participate by the havings and beings and doings and undergoings which are the business of daily life. About this heritage we reason as we seek to relate, to refine, to extend, to amend its parts. For this heritage, when it is threatened, we fight in an act of faith which reaches beyond reason even to the door of death.

As for the persons who are the guardians of this heritage, they are a free and flexible fellowship of priests, scientists, statesmen, artists, and craftsmen. Their thriving, however, does not depend on the fact that one of them bears rule over the rest. It depends upon the fact that, out of conflict and collaboration, there emerges correction and enrichment of one another. Personally I am willing to believe that they are all children of God. But I will not believe that any one of them is a god.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

an unessay on ee cuMming

S

by Philip Green

this unessay is for you and me and is not for mostpeople. This unessay is about culturepoetryandlove (not really love it is more about unnotlove) and most people do not understand culture-poetryandunnotlove but you and I will understand it. we!

this unessay is also about communication which is like flowers and moons only not really whom flowers and moons are only for feel (ing o isn't that nice), but communication is more like razor-blades and electric eggbeaters; it is made for use It is utilitarianand so at least partially rational and so unfortunately is any
po (iloveyou) em. poems have writers which is what eecummings is but they also have readers which is what you and i who are not unpeople are what you and i and eecummings being not un-which have in common is, we, use language, which is also what communication is really except smoke-signals even which are also language.

what you and i and cummings have in common even more than roses is also not only language but also the Same Language ie english; a frenchman would have a hell of a time reading cummings' poetry unless he happened to speak english which unfortunately most frenchmen do not [and that would not help more than littlemuch even if he did for many of cummings' poems] (and the really go

go

good ones like somewhere I have never travelled or my love thy head

or the great advantage of being alive are not really very unsame from any other uninpoems)
because most of them are not very anything but tricks and games saying unthings nearly or things that leave you with a vague f e e ling of f e e ling (my red red rose) goodness which is often not nearly poetry but unorganized sound or emotion like if i wrote I love you i Love you i lOve you i loVe you i lovE you i love You six times.)

What eecummings is doing withah-POETRY! ? in his own syntactical way is really allthetime the same thing which I shall describe to wit . . . he is recreating his emotional experiences of looking at treesmoonsrainsnowlovemothersky-thighetc or maybe even his dreams and he wants you to too and see how undead and thingish they are . . . what gets in his way is paper and Language which is why: once feeling is described it is not feeling any more but it is anaboutfeeling which is a farfar differentthing and you do not feel it but the telling about it in words which have logical relations hips topreposition eachadjective othersubstantive and that must therefore be intelligent in some way or one might say (or might not) rational (lyordered) and which are as i said not pure feeling which is immediate and emotional and unconventionally ordered.

eecummings is trying to get away from unliveness which destroys his feelings so he if i may quote someone else frEEEs language, that is he destroys ITS order until he thinks it looks (and this is where the problem) the same as HIS feeling, and/or (comes in) he uses words which are things with both denotations and connotations purely for their connotative which is usually emotional effect. ! Thus he combines images which are so unrelated to each other as to be almost unimages merely because of their associational quality which gives you the feeling he wants as in Cambridge ladies living in furnished souls or not even the rain has such small hands, and in which the feeling is even en Hanced because of the shock of such un nopersoned juxtaposition. He does this very well and it is why many of his poems are extremely unbad and rather o I'm going to go out and kiss the lips of the treesish at least if you are a romantic and an o how I love things which ought to be loved and an I shall lie with the warm body of the earthish person which i am and you are and all disinunnonhumans are. How!

and similarly is what else he does to us with his syntactics, in two ways: first with normalwordorder and pun, ctu! ation? which is most ordinary when he merely reverses it or leaves it out; he does often much more fiendish, things? Second with the parts of speech which he mixes up like the muchness of summer rain until all, being being, are one with each other. this is not nocuous when he simply forgets capitaL letters and periods and other unbeautiful whatnots that aren't the snow soaking into the belly of the Earth or what have you;? after the first shock which was in the 1920's anyway you don't notice because these things are not either logical or illogical in themselfish's being only conveniences like a woman in a bar

And he is often (SUCCESS)
full, mixing up which's and whom's and all the King's words. As an example take (as the evening takes the sun) for instance a line like down shall go which and up come who—which conveys although i must admit only after a little thought the idea that people which are really am are better than things which are really not which is one of the things this poem—what if a much of a which of a wind, which is another line that very admirably does what he wants it to, is emphasizes —is about

However, in most of his poetry if you use the criterion of merely counting noses like any anaesthetizedimpersonal-unbeing mathematician which don't get down and sssss

UCK the good earth, or mud when it rains, it fails. Of course there are some people though I will not admit for this occasion that they are not unpeople who think or perhaps i should say feel differentl-y. lionel trilling for instance who is a critic of some renoun says and in the fullness of my heart i quote "The parts of speech that we all thought were

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merely 'modifiers' or 'relatives' or 'dependents' have learned from him their full, free existence."

this, I am afraid I must sub (which is a prefix meaning under and appears to make no sense placed before) mit, is so much bal! der dAS
h.
in a life which consists mostly of ironclad conventions, language is about the most ironcladandconventional and the last stand at the barricades will do you no good thing there is. And even though mr cummings and by implication mr trilling are in their anarchic goodness trying to free Language they cannot because Language is like Poland perpetually enslaved. The fact of the matter is that language (L) is a strict form logically constructed being indeed as mr carnap or mr hemple would be the first to tell you constructed on the same principles as any mathematical order Of course it is, not; necessary that we perceive it as such all the time, particularly in poetry because words and syntax develop their own conventions within a (convention) that form a short of sorthand for quicker and more perhaps poetic understanding, as when eec writes that time is a tree this life one leaf which as stated is not strictly true but which convinces the casual reader because the image is self-consistent and is a concept which has been made unstartling (enough b)y previous usage.

but i must repeat the emphasis is still on the word convention " ", which is inevitable though reasonably limitable by any good poet for two reasons. The first of these is that any word or groupofwords comes or come to us with a history and tradition much like the German folk or the english parliament, which has been soaKE
d up through the
ages and inculcated in all readers of poetry and poets except apparently mr cummings and mr trilling. What eec is doing is to take words ordinarily denotative and make them connotative like fragile which he uses to qualify almost everything under the sun not to mention the sun, or also to invent new connotations for words ordinarily used in a connotative sense. What happens too often is that the burden of meaning he puts on a denotative or conventionally
eak
connotative and therefore w is too
ord
heavy; the word snapS and we are left with no meaning at all or an incoherent meaning as if he were stroking your back, it feels so nice but can you tell me about it? The weight referred to is that of mr cummings' private experience and perceptions which of necessity mustin their original state be unshared by the reader who has had his own experience and has found the triangular why of a dream is not to quote mr cummings blue and is furthermore not triangular and is indeed not why. Of course i am not saying that eec must only use words which a particular reader understands in context—the, line, we draw for permissibly avoiding unlivemassman convention is a pragmatic one at best but unfortunately eec is prone to overstep it, even at its most tolerant, as in the foregoing quotation which may sound very pleasant but poetry is unhappily not music it is impossible to elucidate the meaning or even the feeling of the phrase. The poet must grant the reader some rapport even if he doesn't like us because we're not undead or else his poetry becomes purely subjectivistic which is fine for writing on your tablecloth but not necessarily so good for printing in a public place unless you happen to be an anarchist, which I am not and you are probably not.

Second, we must refer to the similar but much more destructive problem of cummings' punc (tuation)? and typography which is to say that he ow
all
s
some
his poem of
s
v
to sprawl all o e
(r)
the printed to use the word loosely page, with little marks that used to be commas and similar unthings stuck in unGodly places,

Mr cummings is in this regard working on the theory of direct communication i assume that i referred to earlier, which is that he is desir-ous of avoiding the stultification of prescribed form which will hinder the direct expression of his experiences. So that if he wants let us say to emphasize some metaphor about water dribbling on to the sidewalk for instance why he simply lets the words

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or to describe a k e he makes some kind
t
of arrangement which is supposed to

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suggest a kite but is not a kite and cannot even really suggest a kite because a kite is a thing is unwords and exists in space not in time which is what words exist in; and because words are not things but are things ABOUT things or symbols and are experienced not directly but at one remove from experience. They are descriptions and a poem too in a description and since comprehension of descriptions occurs through the use of the intelligence the description itself must be intelligent even if this is unwhich and notmost. The trouble with cummings' poems which are really unpoems may be stated also psychologically; cummings breaks up w/o(r)-ds and chops them into pieces and mis: punctuate, s and extraCAPITALIZES and half-parenthesizes and (all to emphasize what he thinks are the feelings inherent in ordinary boring words like anonymous which has an US in it which is i suppose you and i making love. But this unphotographicminded reader reads one word at a time and must therefore rearrange as he goes along because words will be words and demand that they be perceived in the same oldreary way that they have been for the last few hundred years, i. e. one at a time and oneafteranother and in one (1) piece and even spelled bourgeoiscorrectly. If i scrawl f,

o*

l a tin,

g! ( )

in little pieces from here to eternity you are still going to read it as floating eventually if you die in the attempt and your effort to do this creates a battle between the reader and the poem which has nothing to do with the usual tension of unprose. It is just a damnuisance.

on the whole of course cummings has written a lot of doublemuchunugly poems which are very nice to read because he knows lots of not beautiful words which are unthings but words about beautiful things, and when i see the word spring whee with a few other such words surrounding it i want to go out and

l

i

e

on the grass

and sniff dandelions which is a very nice thing to do especially in springtime. But most of these poems are ones in which the images have at least something to do with anyone or anything and the words are written one after another. As a matter of fact which is a subtle way of saying that my next sentence will probably be incorrect, those unconventional oddities of eec's which are good, such as what if a much of a which of a wind. are good precisely because they combine the best features of innovation with convention being in the most respected ladyyourlipsaredivineandiloveyou tradition: they are in a given context logical (he'd never forgive me for saying this) changes, structured intelligently and (your pardon ee) rationally; in short they make (o world o death) sens

E.

President Hoover on President Wilson

by David Cushman Coyle

HERBLOCK, in one of his brilliant flashes of political understanding, has observed that "we have better Republicans in office under the Democrats than under the Republicans." No doubt he was thinking chiefly of General Eisenhower doing his best work under FDR and Truman, and of Dulles under Dean Acheson negotiating the Japanese peace.

The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson, by Herbert Hoover (McGraw-Hill; $6).

Now comes ex-President Hoover to offer a fascinating and moving documentation of how this truth was exemplified in his own life. The high point of Mr. Hoover's public career came in the Versailles period when he was working magnificently as Director-General of the relief organization in Europe under the benign wing of President Wilson. Wilson's lofty expression of American ideals made Hoover feel that he was serving God; and Hoover's own successful organization made him know that he was doing a good job of work in his own line. He agreed enthusiastically with the Wilsonian ideals, and he was able to contribute something essential that Wilson lacked—a detailed knowledge of conditions in Europe, of which Wilson was spectacularly ignorant. This mutual relationship supplied for Hoover the elements of a halcyon time; his starry-eyed praise of Wilson bears all the marks of a mountain-top experience.

To put it mildly, Mr. Hoover says that Wilson's achievement in getting both the Germans and the Allies to agree to an armistice based on his Fourteen Points and the supplementary addresses of 1918 was "the greatest drama of intellectual leadership in all history":

> Three qualities of greatness stood out in Woodrow Wilson. He was a man of staunch morals. He was more than just an idealist; he was the personification of the heritage of idealism of the American people. He brought spiritual concepts to the peace table. He was a born crusader.
>
> Never since his time has any man risen to the political and spiritual heights that came to him.

To the common folk of Europe who lined the streets and threw flowers in his path

> . . . no such man of moral and political power and no such evangel of peace had appeared since Christ preached the Sermon on the Mount. . . . It was the Star of Bethlehem rising again.

But when Wilson decided to go to Paris, Hoover agreed with practically everyone else in official circles that it was a mistake, and that if he must go to the conference he ought to have a couple of Republican Senators with him. Hoover saw that the President was in a strong position in Washington where nobody could stop him from proclaiming to the world whatever he had to say. "The President's dominant voice in creating world opinion would be stilled if he became involved in the inevitable restraints of personal negotiation."

Wilson himself is quoted as saying in a letter to Colonel House, "I play the same part in our Government as the Prime Ministers play in theirs." Which, considering his long-time advocacy of a parliamentary system as superior to our own, is a shocking indication of temporary blindness. Hoover recognizes clearly

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that a President does not have the advantage of being the elected head of the legislative branch; and Wilson was in a particularly weak position because he had appealed to the country in 1918 to elect a Democratic Congress and the country had elected a Republican one.

But Wilson had dreamed since 1914 that some day he would make the peace; and he was convinced that the only way to keep the reluctant Allies to the real path of peace was for him to shepherd them personally. He was wrong, and Hoover and the others were right. The working out of that mistake into its cruel consequences is the main theme of this book—a drama which the author clearly recognizes as having the fateful inevitability of a Greek tragedy.

The book contains an excellently documented story of the American efforts to lift the blockade after the Armistice, and the stubborn resistance of the Allies, particularly the French. Hoover had the only telegraph networks operating in the defeated and the liberated countries, and so had more information on what was going on than anyone else. He told the Allied leaders that prolonged starvation would destroy the moderate governments that had been set up, and bring in either Communists or reactionaries, that would make peace more difficult. There were charges that he was using food supplies in Eastern Europe to favor reactionaries; his account indicates a policy favoring first of all the delivery of food and secondarily the support of moderate governments. At one point he recommended a deal with the Hungarian Communist Bela Kun in order to get his food trains through to the surrounding states. Then Kun was overthrown, and the Rumanian Army came in and put the Archduke Joseph on the throne. The return of a Hapsburg could not be tolerated. Hoover asked and obtained authority to tell the Archduke that the Powers would not recognize him and he had better get out. Hoover's telegraph system, manned by Americans, was not allowed to operate in code. He recites with relish the report his agent sent from Budapest: "Archie on the carpet at 7:00 pm. Went through the hoop at 7:05 pm."

In all his struggles with the blocade, Hoover reports that he was fully backed by Wilson, and for the same reasons as his own—it was morally wrong. Of this "crime in statesmanship," the memory of which had much to do in later years with the rise of Hitler, he says, "no one who reads the documents and records of the time will ever charge that crime against President Wilson and America."

Hoover tells the long and depressing story of how Wilson tried to hold his Fourteen Points against the assaults of the Allies, and how he had to yield one after another in order to save at least the skeleton of the League of Nations, which he hoped might correct some of the wrongs that were being done.

At last the impracticable, revengeful Treaty was written and printed, and on May 7, 1919, at four in the morning, a messenger brought Hoover a copy. During the rest of the night he read the bulky volume with growing horror. At dawn he dressed and went out to walk in the deserted streets, where he met two other despairing men, General Smuts and John Maynard Keynes. The three agreed to do all they could to point out to their nationals the dangers of the treaty.

Hoover knew exactly why the reparations could not be paid, and why many other vengeful clauses of the treaty could never be enforced, even though they might stand for years as obstacles to recovery. He briefed Wilson on these technical arguments to back up Wilson's moral ones. But the President could not prevail. Clemenceau refused to budge, and in the end Wilson had to sign, "or there would be chaos over the whole earth."

Not all was lost, however, for the League was born, and lived long enough to give birth to the UN. Hoover is curiously bitter about the mandates that were set up to govern the colonies lost by the defeated powers, which he regards as having been no better than land-grabs by the victors. He seems to care nothing for the present UN mandates which succeeded to the League ones and show definite progress toward freedom. He thinks ill of the UN because it includes totalitarian states, which he is sure Wilson would never have tolerated. The advantage of having the Russians inside the organization, where they have to talk in the face of criticism, does not appeal to him.

In the absorbing interest of this romantic story the reader may be in some danger of overlooking the fact that all this happened long ago when the people concerned, and the United States too, were all incredibly young and guileless, and had little notion of the difference between the abstract and the concrete.

Wilson spoke noble words about justice, freedom and peace, and the self-determination of peoples, and Hoover was thrilled to the depths of his soul, as were millions of people over all the weary world. But when it came to "saying wherein," it was not so simple in that Conference of frightened, angry, imperfect men. To this day, Hoover believes that the wicked, cynical Europeans cheated the good, idealistic American.

In the UN, for the very reason that Mr. Hoover so deprecates, men of many faiths, who have learned to hitch their star to a heavy wagon, patiently struggle to find the path of peace on the muddy but real surface of the earth. Wilson has made his mark in history, as Hoover points out, having been the grandfather of the United Nations. But the new marks from here on have to be made by men who do not assume that the American policy of the moment is necessarily the truth once for all delivered to the saints.

Aside from telling a dramatic story, this book provides many private letters and other documents that have not previously been available. Mr. Hoover had access to several millions of items which his assistants combed over to select the several hundred thousand that he personally examined in the twenty years that he has been working on this book. In particular, there are hundreds of letters between Hoover and Wilson, not previously made public. Altogether, this is a valuable addition to the history of both Presidents.

Notes on Contributors

PHILIP GREEN's essay in this issue is his first published article. DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE, who has written extensively in the fields of economics and government, is the author of *Conservation, an American Story of Conflict and Accomplishment.* ROBERT HOGAN has just completed a book on Sean O'Casey's plays.

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Painting from Everywhere

by Frank Getlein

TWENTY years ago the relations between art and government were based on such traditional concerns as the fitting enhancement of public buildings, the edification of the citizens and the accepted duty of a civilized people to support its culture. Today that relation, and almost all discussion of it, are based on the dubious concept of art as an instrument of foreign policy. From a practical point of view alone, if, for example, the overseas circulation of American art is employed as a foreign policy tool, then the Yahoos are within their rights in terrorizing state department officials who professionally don't give a damn about art for itself but are vitally concerned both with foreign policy and with placating the Congressional representatives of the Yahoos. We may quarrel with particulars, such as whether an artist's political background is a reasonable qualification for the inclusion or exclusion of his works, or, even worse, whether an artist's background actually constitutes a Communist allegiance. But we have already surrendered the key pass, for any tool may reasonably be examined and possibly rejected on the question of its suitability for the purpose in hand.

Unesco World Art Series. India: *Paintings from Ajanta Caves;* Egypt: *Paintings from Tombs and Temples;* Australia: *Aboriginal Paintings — Arnhem Land;* Yugoslavia: *Mediaeval Frescoes;* Norway: *Paintings from the Stave Churches;* Iran: *Persian Miniatures—Imperial Library;* Spain: *Romanesque Paintings;* Ceylon: *Paintings from Temple, Shrine and Rock;* Masaccio: *Frescoes in Florence;* USSR: *Early Russian Icons;* (Published for Unesco by the New York Graphic Society. Available in English, French, German, Italian and Spanish. Each volume, $18).

Cultural exchange, however much its specific programs may resemble or even duplicate those of art as foreign policy, is an entirely different matter. Since the Yahoos, on numbers, organization and all around vociferousness, are obviously entitled to representation in a democratic government, cultural exchange is the only safe ground for the art community to meet on with the American State Department.

The most spectacular example of cultural exchange now going on is the World Art Series of Unesco. However much Malraux may have overstated the effects of good color reproduction on the general art consciousness of the age, the new photographic and printing processes are bringing vast areas of world art to the knowledge of millions who, in the ordinary course of life half a century ago, would never have become aware of them.

The common objection to color reproduction is the souping up that inevitably happens. No doubt the colors in the Unesco books are somewhat souped up, too. Yet this doesn't seem as fearful a crime to me as it used to. It even has a positive value. In beholding the originals of such art, a number of factors—the place and the scale, for two—are part of the overall effect which must be lost in reproduction. A slight souping up of the colors helps restore the total effect, or at least can help compensate for the missing elements.

UNESCO's list of titles reveals at once the successful pursuit of the announced aim of the series—to bring hitherto inaccessible masterpieces within the reach of a new professional and lay public—and some extra values which, for Unesco, are the equivalent of the advancement of national prestige which can come, as a side product, from the honest efforts of a nation in cultural exchange.

The most forcefully conveyed value under this secondary head is not at all, as one might expect, the fundamental unity of mankind in its arts, but rather the dazzling diversity. Brought up as we are in the Italian-European-American tradition, we are vaguely aware that there exist whole artistic traditions outside our own historical development. As modern art itself has discovered some of these, we have all learned to look at them as expressions in foreign but valid plastic languages. The Japanese in the last century and the West African in this are the prime examples.

The Unesco books now comprise about 350 superb color reproductions and straightforward, largely historical accounts of the various subjects. The effect is quite different from an understanding of West African sculpture based on the fact that Picasso has used similar forms. The diversity is such that there can be no question of treating the material as adjuncts to European art of the last hundred years.

THE "foreign policy" of Unesco might be served by showing that young Ceylonese artists can do imitation French paintings. It is served better by revealing the golden girls painted on the Sigiri rocks and inviting us, after 1400 years, to a sexuality unknown to Western art but an old ideal of human experience.

In the tombs and temples of ancient Egypt, Unesco's recording eye shows that a death-centered civilization need not be as gloomy as we might think.

And so the series goes through the non-European lands that are engaged in the painful process of achieving identity. The books show how wonderfully various we are and how the same men and women, animals, birds, and flowers, the same colors, the same planes and lines, can be used in art to create entirely different worlds.

The other half of the ten books do something that needed doing with our own, largely Christian tradition. The fact that Christianity in art is so much identified with Renaissance, Baroque and the steady debasement of both ever since cannot be unrelated to the gradual transformation of Christianity itself into a boosters club. At present, heroic efforts are being made by the churches and by their parent Judaism to find life in the dry bones of Western religion. The Unesco books reveal a peripheral Christianity totally removed from thee triumph and decay of the central European tradition. It is an art throbbing with life and faith. The only mainstream man is Masaccio and his peculiar position—a century after Giotto yet at the beginning of the Renaissance flood — gives him the status of innovator in both plastic expression and in fresh thought on an old religion.

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THEATRE

O'Casey and the Archbishop

THE OLD SOW, as James Joyce called Ireland, is on a rampage again, and her old, yellow teeth are bared for two of her most illustrious sons, Joyce and Sean O'Casey. The occasion of the most recent Gaelic clash with the arts is the impending Dublin International Theatre Festival, which was once scheduled to open on May 11. The festival committee of the Dublin Tostal Council decided to drop the production of *Bloomsday*, a play by Allan McClelland based on *Ulysses*, and to cause O'Casey to withdraw his latest play, *The Drums of Father Ned*, by demanding that the playwright accept certain unspecified technical alterations. The one play was dropped and the other withdrawn after the Most Rev. Dr. McQuaid, Archbishop of Dublin, expressed public doubt about the advisability of producing the plays.

The Irish dramatic resurgence of the past 60 years has been as blotted by censorship, suppression, vilification and riot as it has been illuminated by masterpieces and genius. The celebrated riot impelled by the use of the word "shift" in J. M. Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World* in 1907 was merely an overture to the symphony of vituperation of the ensuing decades. Sean O'Casey's second great play, *The Plough and the Stars*, was greeted with as enthusiastic a riot as was enjoyed by *The Playboy*. The audience screamed, roared, wrenched up seats from the auditorium floor, threw shoes and other handy missiles. One man climbed onto the stage and was smartly dispatched back into the stalls by a clip on the jaw by Barry Fitzgerald. W. B. Yeats, in long white hair and evening dress, stormed onto the stage and bawled his infuriated contempt unheard into the uproar. Constables flooded into the theatre to restore order.

The accord between O'Casey and Yeats lasted only until O'Casey submitted his next play, the semi-expressionistic *The Silver Tassie,* to the Directors of the Abbey Theatre. When the Directors, chiefly Yeats, Lady Gregory and Lennox Robinson, rejected the play, they stirred up one of the most notable literary controversies in the history of modern letters. The directors suggested that O'Casey save face by withdrawing the play, which they could not produce because of its awkwardness. In other words, the directors took precisely the same stand taken thirty years later by the Tostal Council.

O'CASEY was enraged not only because he thought that *The Silver Tassie* was a good play, but even more by the hypocrisy that withdrawing the play seemed to him. Consequently, he sent the entire correspondence that had passed between him and the directors to the press. The chief documents in this correspondence were a letter from Yeats giving his reasons for rejecting the play and an extensive point by point rebuttal by O'Casey. In this exchange, it is now generally agreed that O'Casey took most of the critical tricks. One of the points implicit in O'Casey's letter was that he was the best judge of the play. And, when one remembers that O'Casey had two renowned full-length masterpieces to his credit and that neither Yeats, Lady Gregory nor Lennox Robinson had one, a reader is inclined to believe that O'Casey was right.

In any event, *The Silver Tassie* had a remarkable and successful production in London, and all of the Directors later admitted that they had been mistaken in refusing the play. Some years later the *Tassie* was actually produced at the Abbey, but the really remarkable aspect of the situation was that a play of the Abbey's leading dramatist, the dramatist who Yeats said had saved the Abbey from closing its doors, had been refused the stage. O'Casey, after all, was no neophyte. He had won his spurs. He had attained an international reputation, and he had a right even to make a mistake.

Ironically enough, *The Silver Tassie* was no mistake and takes its rightful place as one of the foremost experiments of the dramatist's middle period. Now, in the perspective of years, we can see that *The Silver Tassie* and the ensuing plays up to *Oak Leaves and Lavender* were exciting experiments in form and genre that were finally to flower forth into the dramatist's great late period, into the plays *Purple Dust, Cock-a-Doodle Dandy, The Bishop's Bonfire* and the yet unpublished *Drums of Father Ned.*

The forced withdrawal of *The Drums of Father Ned* from the Theatre festival has its inane and ludicrous aspects beneath its essential grimness. The Tostal Council has parodied the refusal of *The Silver Tassie*, by using the same specious reasoning put forth by the Directors of the Abbey Theatre in 1928.

How the Tostal Council momentarily muffled Father Ned's drum is best explained by O'Casey himself in a recent letter:

> I was afraid that the selected producer might not be capable of embracing my intentions However, no complaint came over the months, and I settled down to other work. It wasn't till the 24/1/58, that I received a letter signed by the Directors of a Theatre to whom I had not given the play demanding that I should give the producer "the necessary authority to make such alterations as he requires"; and that "its structural state made the play unproduceable

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. . . . " This was followed by a letter from the Tostal Council saying the same thing within a few words. I at once surmised that this was not an attempt to improve O'Casey (in my opinion, none of those who objected were at all competent to do it), but an untidy way of getting rid of him. For, undoubtedly, the outcry from Drumcondra was dinging their ears. When news came of the dropping of the Joycean play, this surmise became a certainty. As I had no desire to battle a group into keeping a play they wished to get rid of, I withdrew it.

When the script returned, I found—though it was quite obvious that it had been read by far more than one person—there wasn't a single mark on it (other than alterations I had already made myself) to indicate any tentative idea of questionable construction. To this day, I haven't the slightest notion of what part of the play, in their opinion, needed an alteration. It is rather comic to think of a frightened Archbishop frightening the Tostal Council into closing the gates of Dublin on Dubliners. Shut the gates! Quick; we have not a moment to spare. The Archbishop doesn't know (or doesn't care) that a work by Joyce or Beckett, or even by O'Casey, performed in Dublin, is of more importance than it is to any of those authors: that outside Dublin is a wide, wide world, and that this wide place is Joyce's oyster, Beckett's oyster, and even O'Casey's oyster; or that these voices, hushed in Dublin, will be heard in many another place. . . .

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I DO NOT THINK that O'Casey can be hurt by rumors that *The Drums of Father Ned* is a bad play, even though the dramatist's standing was hurt by the rejection of *The Silver Tassie* and he was consequently without a theatre for too many years. American viewers who have seen the off-Broadway production of *Purple Dust* or who have read *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy* and *The Bishop's Bonfire* or who know the autobiographies, either in the form of dramatized readings or on the page, will realize that O'Casey is a dramatist whose experiments have long been in the vanguard of the modern drama and whose late plays have burst into a flowering fullness quite as impressive as the late plays of Eugene O'Neill.

I have read *The Drums of Father Ned* and have found it as exciting a work as O'Casey has ever written. It seems to me a better play than the impressive *Bishop's Bonfire*, with an experimental structure as formally controlled as the Chekhovian structure of *Juno and the Paycock* and *The Plough and the Stars*. However, O'Casey has reiterated that the later plays are not comparable to the early masterpieces, for they are of an entirely different nature. In a recent letter, he described his intentions in the play:

> Oddly enough, the priestly spirit of the play, (Father Ned who never appears) is built from the thoughts of an old priest who was exiled to Altoona, Penn., and Canon Hayes, who labored to make rural Ireland brighter, and full of self-reliance in creating a new and active life, with hand, mind, and imagination. This clashed with business, parochialism, and out-dated clericalism (a humorous figure and kindly withal), all against the background of the work for the Tostal. This microcosm is meant (successfully or not, I don't know) to portray the whole condition of Ireland as she is; for today, in confusion of politics, art, literature, and sex, Ireland is a colorless kaleidoscope; a kaleidoscope, twist it how you may, never shows a settled or colorful pattern; that is the technique which no one could seemingly accept. . . .

The play is the story of the preparations for a Tostal in the Irish town of Doonavale. The conflict, as in *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy* and *The Bishop's Bonfire*, is one of O'Casey's most engaging variations on the theme of life and youth and song against the forces of death and age and tears. Like the other recent plays, *Father Ned* is a beautiful example—a much better example than *Red Roses for Me*—of how the playwright is able to combine in an integral and organic manner disparate elements like whimsy, fantasy, farce, satire, burlesque, symbolism, melodrama, expressionism, the song and the dance into a whole of intricate and compelling complexity.

Although the ending of the play tends toward Expressionistic abstraction, O'Casey's grasp of characterization has not in the least lessened, and the "Prerumble" to the play bids well to be the most brilliant single scene that O'Casey ever wrote. The dialogue almost consistently demands comparison with the best dialogue of the autobiographies, the earlier plays, and, indeed, with the best dialogue of the modern English speaking theatre.

ERIC BENTLEY once wondered whether we have the actors to do O'Casey as he should be done, actors to fill out the characterizations and with zest enough to speak such dialogue. Certainly the much touted Method, which is more capable of the glower and the sneer than the rumbling belly-laugh, would be strained to bursting by *Father Ned*. Whether or not the modern theatre is capable of assimilating O'Casey is an open question and a challenge.

With plays like *Purple Dust, Cock-a-Doodle Dandy, The Bishop's Bonfire* and *The Drums of Father Ned* in his nest, the Green Crow can no longer be ignored by us or rebuffed by his countrymen, for it is too increasingly apparent that O'Casey, like W. B. Yeats and good Irish whiskey, improves with age.

ROBERT HOGAN

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

Krumm's interesting remarks on the matter. I am by no means so much in disagreement with him as he indicates in the last half of his letter.

Mr. Francis P. Weisenburger correctly points out in his letter that President Eliot "himself made a liberal commitment." My remarks on commitment are not in disagreement with this observation. Certainly anyone who is not a vegetable has some sort of commitment. A theologian, at least, has the virtue of wearing his around his neck in many cases. My point clearly was that the fact that a man is committed to religion X does not necessarily imply that he is the best teacher of religion X. To take a case in point, I do not think that "fuzzy-minded liberals" are the best teachers of liberalism—any more than I think that "fuzzy-minded conservatives" are the best teachers of conservatism.

I find it hard to understand Professor John D. Wild's assertion that

> Paying no attention to what I say in subsequent pages, Bartley suggests that I am arguing for a philosophy "as uniform as that of the Communists" which is to be taught as a compulsory subject.

In my article, I clearly stated (*NR*, April 21, '58, p. 15, col. 2)

> Only a few advocates of this view actually suggest Communist-type enforcement of their "overarching faith." Certainly Wild does not.

I think Professor Wild is a very sincere and well-intentioned scholar who has simply not thought out the implications of the position he supports.

I find it impossible, on the other hand, to take Mr. H. Peers Brewer's remarks seriously. . . . [He] asserts that I am an "ex-Divinity student" speaking from a "position of disbelief" which "smacks of 'rationalistic *hybris*' " (pride). I am *not* an ex-Divinity student. As a matter of fact, I am a candidate for the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The point is that I am not a company man. I do not think that a position should go uncriticized by Christians simply because some "theologian" calls it "the Christian position." Mr. Brewer's comments on President Eliot's speech are a piece of gross distortion. The speech is in the libraries for anyone to look up. I will simply note that Mr. Brewer—like President Pusey—failed to separate President Eliot's remarks on what he would *like* his ideal religion to be from his remarks on his *actual expectations*. Certainly President Eliot was basically an optimist; so am I. The passages I quoted, however, clearly demonstrated that President Eliot was not—in Mr. Pusey's words—"an *easy* optimist" and prophet of inevitable progress.

WILLIAM WARREN BARTLEY, III
Harvard University

The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less lend themselves to publication more readily than longer letters.

► *What Johnny Don't Know*

SIRS:

EVER since you published an article (August 12, 1957) by Messrs. Lewis Sawin and Arthur Norman on the crude deficiencies of freshmen at Louisiana State University in knowledge of English, history, and affairs, I have been noticing news items telling of the like elsewhere. A few days ago an item from Rutland, Vt., had a municipal judge telling the press about fatal encounters there between college students and the rigors of orthography. He gave five wrong spellings of "municipal" on bank checks submitted by the students in paying fines.

At Indiana University, only eight of 90 students could identify the Bill of Rights. At Miami University, Ohio, an aspiration is that the matriculates be able to write "300 words without several grammatical errors, misspellings, and grammatical inconsistencies." John Carroll University, Cleveland, found that 25 percent did not know Dag Hammarskjold, and 70 percent didn't know Norman Thomas.

The University of Illinois has held a states-general on what to do about students who "cannot read, spell, or write," and an English professor there remarks: "A second-hand bookstore wouldn't be supported in this town." A professor at Clark University, Massachusetts, finds that "the number of students who cannot even express themselves in correct and clear English is appalling," and he often has "had to guess what

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"Until some unmistakable portent comes along, such as Nixon's resigning his office and going to Africa as a missionary, common sense requires the hypothesis that he has not changed."

●

MARGARET HALSEY'S article in the January 13 issue of *The New Republic*—"Beware the Tender Trap"—has aroused nationwide discussion and praise.

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the student was trying to say in his paper."

Applicants for admission to the medical school of Ohio State University (freshmen, transfers, graduates) spelled "Protestant" 54 ways, "Methodist" 21, "Presbyterian" 21, "Catholic" 7, "Episcopal" 7. Some of their other attainments in cacography were: "heart mummers," "stummach truble," "cansur," "appleplixy," "harding of the artarees," "hartatacts," "bronicle namonia," "rumatic feavor."

Of a sample of 100 students at the University of Michigan, only one or two had ever heard of Aldous Huxley. . . .

The outlook for literacy might be improved if persons in high places set better examples. On receiving a passport, American tourists receive also an awkward letter on manners from the President of the United States, beginning: "Year after year increasing numbers of our citizens travel in foreign countries. There exist [sic] a reservoir of good will for the United States and a knowledge of what we stand for." Some today seem unable to say "exists," or to think of it. Perhaps the President's expression is not an example, but only the ambiguity saves it in that case, and ambiguity is still a defect of thought and expression.

PETER A. CARMICHAEL
Louisiana State University

► *A Nuclear Pearl Harbor*

SIRS:

WHY ATTEMPT to minimize a situation fraught with terrible possibilities? I refer to the editorial bit "Steps to the Summit" (*NR*, April 28). Sending hydrogen bombers toward Russian targets whenever there are unidentified aircraft coming toward the United States is a singularly good example of the dependent type of strategy which has brought us to the brink of war several times in the past. This dependent type of strategy can, willy nilly, start a war any time some unforeseen event occurs. For example, just what would happen if a Russian trans-polar airline pilot under some delusion or intoxication decided to fly to New York? Would our nuclear bombers continue to Leningrad?

Or suppose the Russians decided to adopt the same dependent type of strategy as a defense? If they detected an American flight headed toward the pole, then presumably they would send their hydrogen bombers on their way toward our big cities. Neither flight would turn back until the other did. Both flights would eventually find themselves over their targets and presumably, would be shot at. Does the "fail-safe" SOP preclude some flight leader from getting scared and dropping his bombs in such a situation?

I would like to think that the great American military minds who now control the pushbuttons have anticipated all the dangerous possibilities in this dependent strategy; however, on the basis of past experience, it is likely that they have not.

Somebody's goof may bring world annihilation.

CECIL BRIDGES, JR.
Oklahoma City

We think the chance of a "nuclear Pearl Harbor" is small, but a lot of people do not agree. Certainly the chance, whatever it is, is reduced by our being ready for it. The SAC alert system is both evidence that we are ready, and a means of keeping our preparations up to the exacting standards that being ready requires.

It seems to us, moreover, that the chance of an accident is small—very small. It is hardly credible that a Russian pilot would fly on to New York "under some delusion or intoxication." But even if it happened it would not start a war. He would be intercepted and given a chance to turn back or land somewhere —before being shot down at a safe distance from his "target." Only a big flight of many bombers would cause SAC to continue on its way. Not just one accident, but many, would be required. Since everybody knows the consequences, the chance of such a combination of improbabilities seems almost negligible.

The residual uncertainties — along with racial intolerance, traffic accidents, the vagaries of the great American economy, and cancer and mental diseases— make a hard world. What have we done to deserve a soft one?

THE EDITORS

NR Summer Schedule

DURING July and August, *The New Republic* will appear every other week, instead of weekly. Issues will be dated July 7, July 21, August 4, and August 18. Weekly publication will be resumed September 1.

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